

Américas

AUTONOMY FOR PUERTO RICO

New Constitution gives
island novel status

TRUTH IN FICTION

Modern life through the eyes
of two generations of writers

LETTER FROM KEY WEST

NEW LOOMS

Ecuador's handmade textiles
go modern

LEPERS' CHILDREN

Brazil battles an ancient scourge

FEATHERED FACTORIES

Peruvian guano birds are
responsible for one of
Hemisphere's oddest industries

25
cents

*White-breasted cormorants on Guano
Islands off coast of Peru (see page 24)*





Américas

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Alberto Lleras, Secretary General

Editor

Kathleen Walker

Associate Editors

George C. Compton
Adolfo Solórzano Díaz
Armando de Sá Pires

Assistant Editors

Wallace B. Alig
Luis E. Guillén
Mary G. Reynolds
Benedicta Quirino dos Santos
Betty Wilson

Layout & Typography

Presentation Incorporated

Cover

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Dear Reader

Latin America, which has seen important industrial development only within the last few years, had not bothered to train skilled or specialized workers. There were few serious efforts to establish real vocational education. Trades were still learned in small individual shops by methods very much like those that prevailed in Europe before the industrial revolution. Agriculture was carried on by even less skilled hands, with fathers handing down to their sons a clumsy routine that was wasteful of the soil and the forests. Industry faced a serious obstacle in the fact that the workers had no aptitude for operating or repairing even simple machinery. Local businessmen showed little imagination and ignored modern methods, so trade passed into the hands of better-qualified immigrants. The schools, which offered no assistance in learning a trade, were regarded dubiously as distracting from the family's accustomed occupation, or as a luxury by means of which the most adept member could aspire to a higher destiny in one of the liberal professions. Therefore, the mechanization of our times found Latin America without workers equipped to perform the innumerable jobs requiring complex technical knowledge.

The logical solution to this problem lay in vocational schools, and many have been opened in the Latin American republics in recent years. Actually, vocational education is the technique of teaching techniques. Progress has been very slow. The industrialized countries have gained experience that is invaluable to Latin American teachers. This year, at a seminar to be held from August 2 to September 6 at the University of Maryland, a few minutes' drive from Washington, more than a hundred vocational-education directors and teachers from all over the Hemisphere will discuss the problems and methods of their specialty. The OAS has previously organized seminars on other aspects of education in Caracas, Montevideo, and Rio de Janeiro; this time it is sharing sponsorship with the International Labor Office, the U. S. Government, and the university.

Five topics will be discussed at this Inter-American Seminar on Vocational Education: (1) the scope and aims of vocational education and inter-American co-operation; (2) agricultural education; (3) trade and industrial education; (4) business education; (5) home and family trades.

Many papers prepared by the OAS and the other sponsoring agencies and by the participating countries will be considered in committee. In addition, there will be exhibits, visits to specialized schools and institutions, and demonstrations of teaching equipment, offering a very complete panorama of the possibilities and progress of vocational education. No other American country could provide a better opportunity for these intensive studies, which are destined to have a great influence on the development of Hemisphere education. It will be significant, above all, if, as is hoped, the participants are the people who now have and will continue to have important positions in the direction of public education in their own countries.

Muntley
Secretary General

CONTRIBUTORS



With a detective's sharp perception, JOSÉ ANTONIO PORTUONDO of Cuba analyzes how much "Truth in Fiction" we can expect when we pick up one of today's best-sellers. Educated in Santiago, his birthplace, Dr. Portuondo received his doctorate in philosophy and letters from the University of Havana. A scholarship from the Colegio de México to study literary theory provided further preparation for his present distinguished position as assistant professor of Spanish literature at Columbia University. A specialist on Western Hemisphere novels, Dr. Portuondo has also taught at the Universities of New Mexico, Wisconsin, and California.



This month in "Autonomy for Puerto Rico" PAUL A. COLBORN, assistant chief of the PAU legal division, discusses the new Constitution that is designed to solve the fifty-four-year-old problem of the island's status. With a law degree from Columbus University, a B.A. in foreign affairs from George Washington (both D.C. schools), and ten years' experience in the legal division, Mr. Colborn is an expert at analyzing complicated documents and laws. For a civilian-minded person, he tells us, he has had a surprising amount of contact with the military: two military schools, four years in the U.S. Marine Corps, and two years during World War II with the Criminal Investigation Division (known as the FBI of the Army). He has also chalked up eight years of working for the U.S. Government, including an assignment at the White House with the Secret Service and two years in War Department intelligence.



Although she was born in Forman, North Dakota, where her father was stationed temporarily as a U.S. Department of Agriculture soil scientist, ALVADEE ADAMS, who wrote "Lepers' Children," is really Pennsylvania Dutch. Brought up in New Cumberland, a Susquehanna River town, she earned her B.A. at Philadelphia's Temple University. She was the first student to receive Temple's Russell Conwell Fellowship, an award that enabled her to go on to New York and an M.A. from Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism. In Rio in 1942 on a Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship, Mrs. Adams—then Miss Hutton—was doing features for *The Philadelphia Inquirer* and the Columbia Broadcasting System. When CBS's Rio correspondent, John Adams, was assigned "to do everything possible for her," he took

the job seriously. He married her. After several years in Brazil, the Adamses came to Washington where Mr. Adams directs publicity for the military aid department at the Pentagon, and Mrs. Adams squeezes in as much free lance writing as she can while looking after her two small girls, aged five and three.



A native of Otavalo, Ecuador, where "New Looms" are weaving a visible design into the economic fabric of the land, ANÍBAL BUTRÓN brings up to date the story begun in the book *The Awakening Valley*, which he co-authored with John Collier, Jr. After earning his teacher's certificate at the Quito normal school in 1936, he taught for the next six years while specializing in history and geography at the University of Quito. At the University of Chicago, which he attended on scholarship, he took a master's degree in anthropology. He has been working for Ecuador's Indians ever since 1945. During an interval in 1950, he came to the United States on a Guggenheim Fellowship to visit reservations in the South and Southwest.

The photographs accompanying "Popo or Bust" were taken by author GORDON H. MACDOUGALL in the course of many trips to various parts of Popocatepetl. The trips were made during his two years as a grantee at the Mexican-United States cultural center in Mexico City. On leaving Mexico he went to Chile to work as assistant director of the cultural center in Valparaíso. Currently, Mr. MacDougall is giving public lectures on Latin America in New England.

In this issue we introduce "Embassy Row," which will continue as a regular feature. The pictures are the work of Cuban photographer JULIO LÓPEZ BERESTEIN, who came down from New York to prepare the series and who is also responsible for the photograph on our inside back cover.

In our book section this month, JOSÉ NUCETE SARDI tells of the adaptation and translation of Sheridan's *The Rivals*, begun by the great Venezuelan scholar and educator Andrés Bello, founder of the University of Chile. Dr. Nucete Sardi, who is completing the Spanish version of the play, has had a long career in Venezuelan journalism, literature, and history. He began his newspaper work with *El Universal* in Caracas in 1922, and founded *El Relator* in 1926. He became director of the National Press Office in 1936, inspector general of Venezuelan consulates in 1937. The next three years he spent as first secretary at the Venezuelan consulate in Berlin, returning in 1940 to take the post of Director of Culture in the Venezuelan Ministry of Education, where he served until 1944. His books include short stories, studies of Simón Bolívar, Francisco de Miranda, and Robert B. Cunningham-Graham, and a volume on Venezuelan painting and sculpture.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides *AMERICAS*, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization.

autonomy

for PUERTO RICO

New Constitution will give the island
virtual home rule and the official tag of "Commonwealth"

Paul A. Colborn

TWO GENERATIONS of Puerto Ricans have been devoting their best oratorical and political talents to the question of the island's status. Traditionally, aspirations have focused on either U.S. statehood or independence. In recent years, however, the conviction has been growing that a victory in either direction would be disastrous. Puerto Rico's special situation called for a special solution, a departure from the classical pattern. Such a solution is now within reach in the form of a unique new status within the Union. As the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, which means neither separation nor integration, but federation, the island will be like a republic without foreign relations and like a state without participation in the national government.

Juridically, the Commonwealth will be based upon three documents: a 1950 Act of the U.S. Congress providing for the organization of a constitutional government by the people of Puerto Rico, which is in the nature of a compact; a Constitution, which the Puerto Ricans themselves drew up and overwhelmingly approved at the polls last March 3; and the Puerto Rican Federal Relations Act, which states the terms of relationship with the Union. All that remains for this autonomous community to become a legal fact is approval of the Constitution by the Congress of the United States.

Thus the government changes from one by delegation to one by consent. Though the new regime will not satisfy everybody, it is the answer clearly desired by most of the people, who feel that it realistically offers them the maximum opportunity for self-development. In an interview with the author, Dr. Rafael Picó, chairman of the Puerto Rico Planning Board, summed up the attitude of the majority party when he said, "This is the legal death of colonialism, and Puerto Rico becomes a full self-governing community voluntarily associated with the United States."

Actually, the partisans of both statehood and independence can make out a pretty good case as long as they confine their arguments to political theory. The difficulty, according to proponents of the third position, is that either course, if adopted today, would lead immediately or eventually to some rather harsh practical consequences.

Those who visualize Puerto Rico as a state point out that the residents as citizens of the United States are subject to general federal laws; that Puerto Rico's population of two and a quarter million is larger than that of twenty-two states, which should entitle it to be represented in Congress by two senators and about seven representatives; and that, most important of all, once it was a state of the Union its position would be clear and irrevocable. On the other hand, those who oppose statehood claim that, at least at this time, Puerto Rico is simply not economically strong enough for such a status, which would involve intolerable financial burdens;



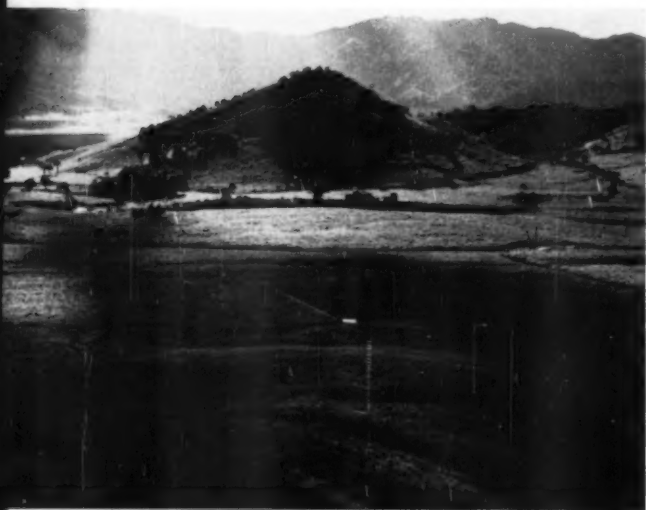
Voters go to the polls on March 3 at San Juan's Central High School to vote on new Constitution



High School students at Caguas, near the capital. Islanders' recent educational strides help assure liberal, democratic government



Pulp and paper, glass, and cement plants are part of island's drive toward industrialization known as "Operation Bootstrap"



specifically, according to this group, she cannot afford to pay federal taxes, which on incomes alone would drain some forty million dollars a year from the island. As far as representation in Congress is concerned, they say, the island's interests are protected by a Resident Commissioner in the House of Representatives; and, besides, Puerto Rico has enough political problems of its own at the moment without mixing in national affairs.

With *independentistas* it is largely a matter of pride. They would like to have their own flag, a president, diplomats, an army and navy, a national money system, and other proofs that they are masters of their destiny. They claim the existing arrangement of a virtual economic union keeps their cost of living unnecessarily high and forces their trade exclusively into U.S. channels. For example, there are the coastwise shipping laws that prohibit the shipment of goods to and from the mainland in any but U.S. ships. They feel that once politically separated, they could create other more profitable economic ties. And in any case, they ask, should they hesitate to sacrifice bread for freedom, when so many others have sacrificed their blood? Why shouldn't Puerto Rico become a republic like all the other Spanish American colonies? Culturally, they decry "mongrelization." However, those who fear being set adrift believe that the economic consequences of independence would be, if not fatal, at least very depressing indeed. The advantages of free trade Puerto Rico now enjoys with the United States would be the vital loss, but there are others. The money now being spent by the U.S. Government to maintain federal agencies would be withdrawn from the economy, and a new republic would be obliged to create and operate all the services of a sovereign nation, such as post offices, a weather bureau, a coast guard, and an immigration service. Nor would the island be eligible for any further direct benefits such as grants-in-aid. No matter how favorable or numerous trade agreements might be, they could hardly improve Puerto Rico's present position, in which it has unobstructed access to the dollars of the largest consumer market in the world. The cost of living might fall a little, but the *standard* of living would also fall, with far less actual purchasing power. "Liberty or death," they say, is not necessarily a question of alternatives; it is possible for one to succeed the other. As for the duality of cultures, Puerto Rico can draw on the best of Anglo-Saxon and Spanish heritages and be the richer for it.

Part of the dilemma has been procedural. The Congress of the United States would not commit itself in advance without knowing what the people wanted, while the people hesitated to go on record for a status that might not be acceptable to Congress. There is less opposition to full independence, but what economic preferences would Congress be willing to guarantee a foreign country? Some prefer separation with subsidy, or as Sumner Welles once called it, "divorce with alimony"—a rather weak witticism, by the way, for where is the record of marriage? A complete break, as the nationalists demand, would disrupt at a stroke fifty years of integration with the United States economy. And if the break

Valley of sugar cane between Maunabo and Yabucoa. Sugar is Puerto Rico's main crop and largest source of income

is not to be complete, should Puerto Rico and the United States be tied together by strong economic agreements? If so, would Puerto Rico really be independent?

Adoption of the Commonwealth compromise will not legally preclude Puerto Rico from becoming either a state or a republic in the future, or even from making some other adjustment. Puerto Rico's leaders have seen that, whatever it is called, their status must permit the people to govern themselves without interference, must stimulate economic and social progress, and must maintain close cooperation with the United States. Dr. Antonio Fernós Isern, the Resident Commissioner, expressed the new view in a 1948 campaign speech: "Statehood and independence are merely means, not ends. The ends we all seek are democracy, security, and happiness." Not finding any equivalent for "Commonwealth" in Spanish, the delegates to the Constitutional Convention decided to call the new community "*Estado Libre Asociado*," but they passed a resolution warning that this name should not be retranslated as "Associated Free State," inasmuch as the word "state" might be misconstrued as meaning one of the states of the Union. The word "*asociado*" underscores the fact that they are not separated from the United States.

Those who have sounded out the attitude of Congress toward the new text expect early approval, since it is generally conceded that it meets all the requirements of the law authorizing it. It is certainly in harmony with United States tradition, which has always been to broaden the opportunities for political growth in the Territories. It will find support in U.S. history from the Declaration of Independence to Wilson's principle of self-determination, and in U.S. international commitments in the Atlantic Charter and the UN Charter, which provides in Article 73 that "Members of the United Nations which have or assume responsibilities for the administration of territories" undertake "to develop self-government" and "to ensure political advancement."

In gradually relaxing its control, the United States has made three major revisions of insular government. During the first two years after it passed into U.S. hands as a result of the Spanish-American War the island was, of course, under control of the United States Army. The name *Porto Rico*, easier to the English tongue, appeared in official documents, and was not abandoned until 1932, when it was changed back by Joint Resolution of Congress. Beginning in 1909 Puerto Rico came under the War Department's Bureau of Insular Affairs, and not until 1934 was it turned over to the Department of the Interior.

Under the first civil government, established by the Foraker Act in 1900, members of the Executive Council (i.e., the upper legislative chamber), as well as the governor and other key officials, were appointed by the President of the United States, and the degree of self-government was practically nil, although the islanders did elect their House of Delegates. In fact, the residents considered it even less satisfactory than the status they had previously achieved under Spain, and immediately began to propose changes.



Ninety-two delegates to constitutional convention studied charters from countries all over the world before adjourning last February

In 1917 a more liberal Organic Act was passed, known as the Jones Act. Puerto Ricans were made citizens of the United States, with a bill of rights, and were given a larger measure of control over local affairs, including the right to elect members of both houses of the Insular Legislature. The President, however, retained the power to appoint some of the most important officials, including the governor, and if insular legislation passed over the veto of the governor, it could be disapproved without recourse by the President.

Further progress toward insular autonomy was made by an Act of Congress in 1947, which authorized election of the governor by the Puerto Ricans. The same law authorized local appointment of all officials except the auditor and the justices of the Supreme Court. Actually, the governor at that time and his whole cabinet, as well as members of the Supreme Court, were Puerto Ricans, with one exception. The practice of democracy, strange to say, has always been somewhat ahead of the law, and if the United States has at times been neglectful of its ward, it has never been oppressive. But Puerto Ricans say that benevolence is not enough, that they are entitled to government not only *of* and *for* but *by* the people, that they are mature enough to make their own mistakes, and that after thirty-five years of citizenship by Act of Congress, they want to be citizens in practice.

The form such self-government should take was a primary issue in the 1948 elections, when the people had the opportunity to express their preference for one of the three positions. The Statehood Party had formed a coalition with the Socialists and Liberals, who also advocated statehood. The Independence Party, of course, was in favor of a republic. The Popular Democratic Party, led by the island's present governor, Luis Muñoz Marín, stood for preservation of the status quo and, within that framework, for adoption by the Puerto Rican people of a constitution for the organization of local government. The Governor wanted to settle the question of political status primarily so that the energy being spent on it

(Continued on page 41)

new looms

Modernization of hand textile industry brings a new deal to Ecuador's Indians



Skilled Indian weaver learns to use Oklahoma-style loom as expert William A. Ames, in checked jacket, looks on

Anibal Buitrón

THE LAND OF THE OTAVALO VALLEY in Ecuador's Imbabura Province is fertile and beautiful land. There the Indians are as firmly rooted as the trees. For like all the Indians of the Andean highlands, those of Otavalo are first and foremost farmers. They have tilled the soil since ancient times. Long before the Incas arrived, they were sowing and harvesting corn, beans, potatoes, lupine, and capulin cherries. The Incas introduced cassava root, geese, sweet potatoes, peanuts, and, what was even more important, llamas. Later came the Spaniards with wheat, barley, and many other European and Asiatic plants. Above all, they brought domestic animals, including sheep, and from that time on, the highland Indians have been shepherds as well as farmers.

Before the arrival of either Incas or Spaniards the Indians of Otavalo—and of Ecuador generally—were weaving blankets and cloaks from cotton, which they obtained in trade with tribes of the Amazon basin to the east. Their looms were the kind still used for weaving ponchos. In fact, they call them "poncho weavers" now to distinguish them from the type the Spaniards brought, which are referred to simply as "looms."

When the Indians learned to take care of llamas and

sheep, they also learned to make use of their wool. Soon after the arrival of the Spaniards, the Indians were using the native and Spanish looms, weaving cloth both from cotton and from the wool of llamas, sheep, and goats. Today all the Indians in Otavalo Canton know how to weave, but while some only meet their own clothing needs, others weave commercially.

The Indians' commercial textile industry, especially the production of wool suiting for the white and mestizo population, is relatively new. It was in 1915 that two Otavalo weavers finished the first piece of cassimere cloth. The story is simple but worth remembering. One day the tenant manager of the San Agustín de Cajas hacienda went up to two Indians, Pedro Cáceres and José Cajas. Handing them twenty-five pounds of wool and a piece of English tweed, he said, "You are the best weavers I know. Here is wool. If you need more, just ask for it. Try to make a piece of suit cloth like this sample. If the wool goes to waste, it doesn't matter. Weave it the best you can, and if it won't do for a suit, I'll see what we can use it for."

The two Indians set to work, trying to imitate the color and texture of the sample as accurately as possible.

Naturally, they first worked on the native loom, with which they were most familiar. But the cloth turned out too heavy and irregular. Undaunted, they began anew, this time on the Spanish loom. The result so pleased the hacienda manager that he asked them to make another piece of cloth for an overcoat and rewarded them with fifty sucres each. Shortly afterward the tailor finished the suit and overcoat made from the Indians' cloth. When the owner wore them, his friends felt the cloth curiously, for though unlike the imported variety, it was of good quality and a pleasant color. Of course, they asked where it came from. The story of its origin was repeated many times, and almost always ended with the friends putting in their orders.

Pedro Cáceres and José Cajas continued to weave suit cloth with ever-increasing speed and precision. They tried other colors and materials. Soon they had so much work on hand that they had to call on others to help them weave, spin, dye, card, and so on. The demand for the cloth grew steadily, and it was not long before their assistants were in business for themselves. In this way the industry spread, first through the immediate community, Ilumán, then to neighboring sections of the Otavalo Valley—Quinchuquí, Peguche, and Agato. Weavers and traders soon carried the cloth to markets all over the country. Then they crossed the northern border into Colombia and became as common a sight in the streets of Bogotá as in Quito. Eventually an Otavalo Indian, seeking new markets, offered his cloth in Caracas.

This was the situation up to June 1951. While the cloth produced was good-looking, of pure wool, in tastefully blended colors, and, being handmade, very attractive to tourists, it still left much to be desired. The colors were



For weaving ponchos, Indians use pre-Columbian model backstrap loom, simple in design but difficult to operate

not fast. When washed, the material shrank excessively and lost its shape. The looms had not been improved at all since they were introduced hundreds of years before, and it seemed incredible that the Indian weavers could produce such beautiful cloth on these rudimentary machines. Moreover, the yarn was prepared on a rustic spinning wheel, which took forever, and the product was



The little tots have a good time playing with the raw material. Children pick burrs from the wool and do other light chores



Making yarn on the old spinning wheel is the most time-consuming process in the hand textile industry

never thin or regular enough to permit improving the appearance and quality of the cloth.

In the light of these conditions, President Galo Plaza, who has always shown himself a good friend of the Indians, decided to try improving the methods used in the industry as one means of raising the people's standard of living and bringing the country additional foreign exchange. Taking advantage of the technical-assistance program, he asked for an expert on handmade textiles. In response, the UN Food and Agriculture Organization sent down Mr. William A. Ames of the Sequoyah School in Tahlequah, Oklahoma.

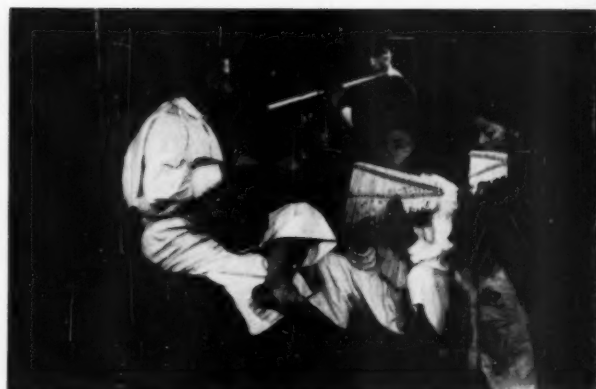
I had met Mr. Ames in 1950, when I visited Indian reservations in the southern and southwestern United States. At the Ministry of Economy in Quito, he told me of the FAO project and said he was to make a general survey of the country to find the best place to set up shop and start teaching the people the art of weaving. I pointed out to Mr. Ames that I felt the emphasis should be on improving techniques already in use to increase output rather than on teaching new men to weave, and that Otavalo seemed the best place to begin. The Otavalo Indians, experienced and skillful weavers, would learn the new techniques quickly, and could then go out to other regions to share what they had learned with others.

We called on President Plaza, who approved the plan

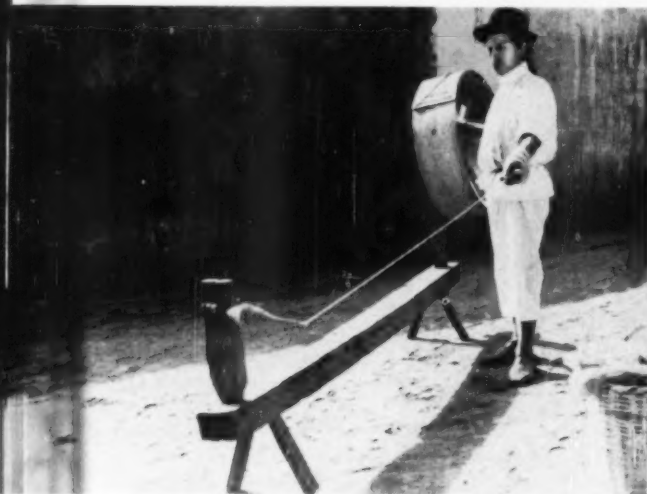
and helped cut red tape so that Mr. Ames could get started. We obtained money to rent the shop in Otavalo, then more for buying at least part of the equipment; finally two looms and a warping frame arrived from the United States.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ames and I, along with the field workers of the Ecuadorean Institute of Anthropology and Geography who were carrying out studies in Ilumán at the time, set out to inform the Indians of the project. From the start the Indians of Ilumán, Peguche, Agato, and other communities were enthusiastic, constantly asking when the program would start. We didn't have to explain the advantages of improving their weaving techniques; they knew better than we.

As an anthropologist and student of Indian culture, I have always been concerned with the question of how



Otavalo weaver and family relax to plaintive traditional music of the highlands



To replace these antiquated wheels, Otavalo weavers hope to import a modern spinning machine for cooperative use



With a thistle comb, the weaver raises the nap on the finished cloth and removes loose threads

to raise the Indian farmers' standard of living and bring them into the stream of national life without destroying the positive values of their own culture in the process. With this in mind, we tried to see that the innovations did not go beyond the reach of the Indians' understanding. We did not want them to make too big a jump, at the risk of falling and losing everything. We did want them to take a firm, sure step forward.

Some of the improvements necessarily imply higher costs for the Indian weavers, but fortunately there are others that will save money. For example, at a slight extra expense, it is possible in preparing the yarn to restore to the wool the natural oil lost in the washing. This simple operation produces a stronger and more uniform yarn, which in turn yields cloth that wears longer and keeps its shape better. In the dyeing process, the Indian can save money and at the same time get uniform fast colors. Just recently we demonstrated methods of producing a coffee-colored yarn, and the Indians watched with keen interest. They saw that all they had to do was heat water, dissolve one small packet of dye for each pound of wool, put the yarn in the solution, and add a pinch of common salt to fix the color. They must have been thinking of the complicated and tedious process they had been using to produce the same color. This involved pounding green walnuts with stones to break up the outer shell, gathering up the bits and boiling them, panning the color out, and preparing the concentrated dye. Possibly, in the exceptional case of this one color, the old system may be as cheap and effective as the new. But time and manpower must be taken into account. It might be argued that time is of no importance to these people. This may hold true for part of the population, but not for the Indian weavers. They do not waste their time spinning the yarn, for example, but leave it to the so-called *peones*, who specialize in this single function. As for manpower, one could maintain that simple tasks like the preparation of the walnuts are entrusted to children who would otherwise do nothing, since they are not able to handle more complicated jobs. But if they did not have these chores to

(Continued on page 23)



truth in fiction

Modern life in America through the eyes of two generations of writers

José Antonio Portuondo

A PROBLEM that has always furiously excited literary critics and theorists is the relation between literature and reality. A comparison merely of the beginning of several translations of Aristotle's *Poetics* is enough to show how many different interpretations the single word *mimesis* has inspired. In what does this mimesis—poetic imitation or reproduction—consist? Does it mean the servile copy of reality propounded by the neoclassic dogmatists, or is he closer to the truth who maintains that what the poet "imitates" is the divine method of creation?

In the complex process of poetic creation, "reality" is a constant, absolute factor, which finds relative expression in "literature," determined by the writer's individual point of view. Of the absolute whole of reality, of which he himself is a part, the writer contemplates one aspect—the one that best suits his expressive purpose; the one that, whether or not in accord with his habits and social or class interests, stimulates his poetic reaction, which is the reflection of a deeper and more complete attitude toward life. Hence even more than it reveals reality itself, literature shows us a position before reality, springing from the clash of the writer with his own situation. And since every writer is always, as Lope de Vega noted in *Las Fortunas de Diana*, the soul and voice of the silence of many, his word and attitude uncover the position of greater or smaller, but always significant, groups before a situation they all face.

Though we always refer to reality as a homogeneous whole, it is possible to distinguish a number of different aspects and spheres of it. There is, for example, a physical aspect of reality, which encourages the minute description that flourishes in the so-called "novel of the land" of Spanish America and Brazil—from the Brazilian *Graça*

Aranha's *Canaan* to the Colombian José Eustacio Rivera's *La Vorágine*, the Venezuelan Rómulo Gallegos' *Canaima*, and so on—that the verse of a Robert Frost or a Duraciné Vaval delights in, and that prompts the Martinican Aimé Césaire's extraordinary wealth of baroque images. There is a social aspect of reality, dwelt upon by Hemisphere writers in the period between the two great wars. There are a psychic reality, normal or pathological, and a poetic reality freely fashioned by the writer with elements taken from the other spheres. This is the reality of James Branch Cabell's *Jurgen* and the Chilean Pedro Prado's *Alsino*. The writer can even make various aspects cross and intertwine, creating a sphere outside the logic of everyday happenings but with an internal logic of its own, in the manner of *Alice in Wonderland* or certain of Kafka's novels, so influential among contemporary writers.

Considering the works produced by the past two literary generations in the New World, it is readily apparent that rather than precise reflections or trustworthy documents of our continent's reality, which is impossible to grasp in its entirety, they constitute invaluable partial testimonies of American writers' outlook on life in the face of crisis in their own surroundings.

The literary generation that reached its zenith between the two world wars produced in every country in America—in English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French—literary works that are alike in their bitter denunciation of unpleasant facts. The Mexican agrarian revolution, beginning in 1910, and the First World War, with its sequels—the Soviet revolution, the German republic, the Chinese republic, the U.S. and worldwide economic crisis, the rise in class struggle, and so on—brought to the fore aspects of reality up to then bypassed, more or

less successfully, in the literature of our Hemisphere. An important group of writers, belonging in age to a previous generation and imbued with the formulas of naturalism, stood beside their younger colleagues to encourage them and smooth their path: Graça Aranha in Brazil, Mariano Azuela in Mexico, Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson in the United States. Their influence at once leaped beyond their own borders to spread throughout the Hemisphere, and, together with the works



Much contemporary fiction portrays representative types rather than individuals. Left: Brazilian cowboy; right: Peruvian Indian

of their disciples, helped unify the critical attitude that characterizes this generation's output.

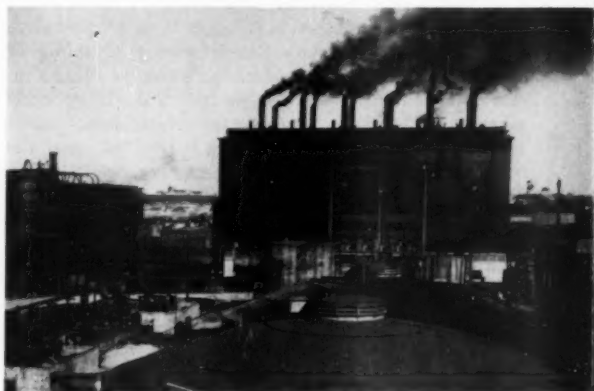
As Pedro Henríquez Ureña pointed out in *Literary Currents in Hispanic America*, "a large part of the significant literature of Hispanic America today presents social problems, or at least describes social situations that contain the germs of problems. The novel is, normally, the form in which such aspects of society most frequently appear in modern times." These words are applicable in their entirety to the same period in U.S. literature. In it, as in the literature of Spanish-, Portuguese-, and French-speaking America, a harsh note of censure emphasizes disagreeable and unjust phases of reality. It is with some reason that a critic like Van Wyck Brooks, who has identified himself deeply and lovingly with the rise of U.S. literature from 1800 to 1915, halts at the latter date and puts aside the post-World War I writers with disgust: "They seem to delight in kicking their world to pieces, as if civilization were all a pretense and everything noble a humbug."

The twenties were the gay years of jazz, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, and the "lost generation" in Paris. Years also of *ultraísmo* and other Spanish American vanguard schools—*creacionismo*, *ultracreationismo*, *pancalismo*, *postumismo*—of Brazilian "modernism," and of the last Haitian symbolism. The thirties, coming on the heels of the 1929 crash, were characterized by a strident revolutionary tone, the voice of social protest. Literature plainly showed Marxist influence, not infrequently combined with the stamp of Freud, as had already occurred with authors of the pre-



Peruvian desert. Grandeur and violence of nature in Latin America inspired "novel of the land"

vious generation like Sherwood Anderson. Most of the writing of this decade set out to demonstrate violently the suffering and bloodshed of the many who support the fictitious reality erected for the benefit and enjoyment of a privileged few. It aimed at revealing how the beauty and joy in which Frost and Mexico's Enrique González Martínez still take pleasure, in which Van Wyck Brooks and Baldomero Sanín Cano of Colombia find stimulation, hide decay, pain, and injustice. Thus the novel of the Mexican Revolution took shape out of the clamor of battle, written by those who took part in it—Azuela, Martín Luis Guzmán, Gregorio López y Fuentes, Rafael F. Muñoz, José Rubén Romero. From the trenches of the Chaco War came the novels of Augusto Céspedes,



After 1929 crash, novelists belabored injustices lurking under glittering surface of industrialized society

Arnaldo Valdivinos, Oscar Cerruto. The literary protest of Alcides Arguedas arose to defend the exploited Indians of Bolivia, just as César Vallejo and Ciro Alegría championed those in Peru; López y Fuentes, Miguel Ángel Menéndez, and Ramón Rubín those in Mexico; and Jorge Icaza and Demetrio Aguilera Malta those in Ecuador. In the same way came that tremendous elegy of the guilty conscience of the U.S. South that is the work of William Faulkner. That sense of guilt also produced the mocking Rabelaisian laugh—which does not deny but rather underlines decadence and injustice—of Erskine Caldwell's novels and short stories. In Brazil novelist Jorge Amado has denounced the exploitation of the Negro more vigorously and effectively than any one else, and along with his socialist protest a significant Catholic

voice was raised—that of Jorge de Lima, a novelist in his *Calunga* and above all a great poet who, like his compatriot Menotti del Picchia, has cultivated verse on mulatto themes.

The diversity of feeling in *negrista* works over the Hemisphere is worth noting. At the most exalted level, transcending the specific sorrow of a persecuted race to become a song of universal rebellion and hope, stands the verse of the Cuban Nicolás Guillén. In his stanzas a human group's new awareness emerges in all its splendor, proudly affirming its contribution to New World culture:

*Aquí estamos . . .
Traemos
Nuestro rasgo al perfil definitivo de América.*

*Here we are . . .
We bring
Our feature to the definitive profile of America.*

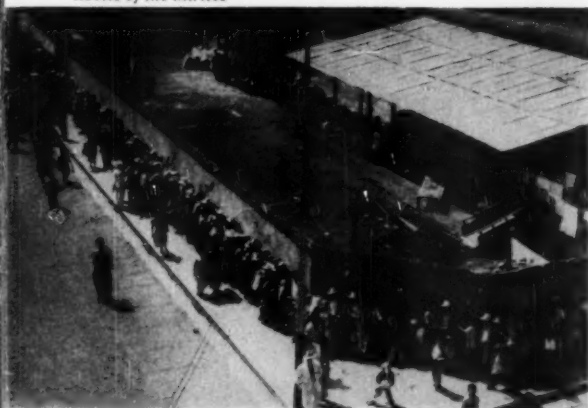
Then, after denouncing wrong done to men of any color, Guillén raises a heartening voice to tell us from the lips of one of his heroes:

*—Fué largo el viaje y áspero el camino.
Creció un árbol con sangre de mi herida.
Canta desde él un pájaro a la vida.
La mañana se anuncia con un trino.*

*The journey was long, and the way hard.
A tree grew with the blood of my wound.
From it a bird sings to life.
A trill heralds the morning.*

Compare Guillén's sonorous, proudly affirmative voice with the bitter complaint in Langston Hughes' "I, too, am America" against a reality culpably forgotten by so many; with the deep grief and bold protest of "The Lynching" and "America," by the Jamaican Claude McKay; and with the tremolo of tears in the verses of Countee Cullen. Somewhere between these extremes lie the profound ancestral echo of the Haitians Jacques Roumain and Pierre Moravia Morpeau, in French and Creole; the gay caricatures of the Antillean Negro drawn, with here and there a touch of Vachel Lindsay, by the Puerto Rican Luis Palés Matos; and the delicate lyricism—now with no apparent pigmentation—of the Colombian

Depression-era breadlines were reflected in socially conscious novels of the thirties



Jorge Artel. Compare also the novels: *Native Son*, by the United States' Richard Wright; *Pobre Negro*, by the Venezuelan Rómulo Gallegos; *Ecue Yamba-O*, by the Cuban Alejo Carpentier; *Juyungo*, by the Ecuadorean Adalberto Ortiz. In all these works, whether prose or verse, the central character is the same. But they differ in tone and in their attitude toward the common situation, stemming from the same root of injustice everywhere but varying from country to country according to the scope and degree of the injustice.



Businessman was denounced in long series of anti-capitalist novels, both North and South American

Similar differences in the treatment of a common theme show up in another kind of novel. There is an undeniable relationship among the characters and the economic and social life portrayed in Theodore Dreiser's *The Financier* (1912), Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt* (1922), Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* (1925), the Cuban Carlos Loveira's *Juan Criollo* (1927), and the Chilean Jenaro Prieto's *El Socio* (1928). The novelists' attitude varies with the years and the circumstances, the tone sharpens from the pure irony of *Babbitt* to absolute Chekhovian farce in *El Socio*. Nevertheless, all coincide in condemning an identical aspect of economic and social reality: contemporary financial capitalism. In these novels, the purpose is not to portray exceptional individuals, nor is it acute psychological investigation, but depiction of representative types—the Indian, the Negro, the financier, the farmer, the proletarian.

This critical approach to realism is far from lacking in the poets, although the strictly formalistic attitude is also widespread. First came naked bitterness and irony, a delight in assaulting the reader with an unadorned picture of a disagreeable truth. Take this poem by the Brazilian Manuel Bandeira:

*Febre, hemoptise, dispnéia e suores noturnos.
A vida inteira que podia ter sido e que não foi.
Tosse, tosse, tosse.*

*Mandou chamar o médico:
—Diga trinta e três.*

*—Trinta e três . . . trinta e três . . . trinta e três . . .
—Respire.* (Continued on page 44)

letter from **KEY WEST**

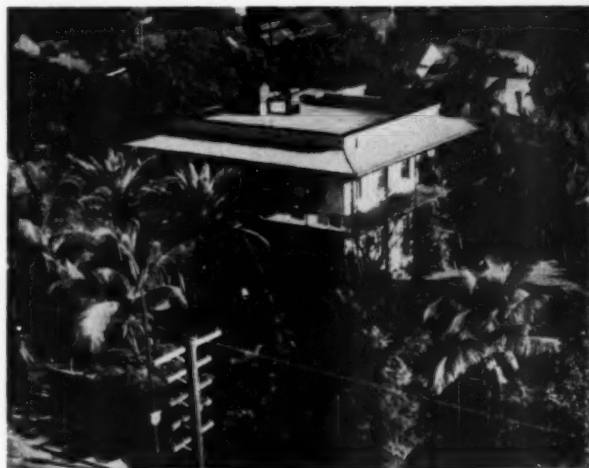
Wallace B. Alig

DEPENDING ON WHICH WAY you are heading—north or south—Key West, Florida, is where the United States looms up out of a coral sea as a rather unimpressive geographical entity, or where it simply fades away into the colorful islands of the West Indies and the ebullient republics of the southern continent. A flat islet (four miles long, one mile wide; highest elevation: eight feet), it has a lone seven-story hotel rearing up from the palm trees, several wireless masts, a Civil War fort or two, and a multitude of sun-bleached tropical buildings, some federally and some privately owned. The nation's southernmost outpost, civil and military, it is a jumping-off place where most travelers linger pleasantly, but momentarily, then go their way. Former President Dutra of Brazil paused here on a visit to Washington, as did Chilean President Gabriel González Videla. But it is the frequent visits, eleven in five years, of Harry S. Truman to the U.S. naval base that have focused the attention of an otherwise indifferent world on this tiny, sun-dazzled key.

In fact, it would not be too extravagant to say that the island today is basking economically in the hottest sun it has ever known. Its good fortune is due partly to the visits of President Truman, but mostly to stepped-up military activities and a tourist boom. Its civilian population—made up of Cubans or their descendants, Conchs (pronounced *Conks*, the descendants of British Tories who fled south and to the Bahamas during the American Revolution), and various Florida-retired types—has doubled to about twenty-five thousand in the last five years, and there is an additional naval force of some ten thousand stationed here or on nearby keys. In 1950, 190,398 southbound passenger cars entered Key West over the Overseas Highway as against 94,695 in 1947. These figures will doubtless be exceeded in 1952. Two

thousand rooms in hotels, motels, and guest homes operating at near capacity accommodate the tourists who flock here to fish or merely to experience the thrill of visiting what many of them believe is the most exotic piece of property in the forty-eight states. A pleasing combination of Cuban cigar smoke and British West Indian architecture, Key West is the only spot in Anglo-Saxon North America that truly resembles a tropical island. Its position at the end of the monkey's tail of keys that swings down between the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic from the coccyx of the Florida peninsula is part of the lure. Key West trades on being southernmost.

Ernest Hemingway made this house a Key West landmark when he wrote To Have and Have Not there. Today it belongs to his son





Key West as seen by international air travelers. Lower left: U.S. Naval Base; top right: Overseas Highway

Its lighthouse is southernmost as well as its daily newspaper, the *Citizen*. There are a Southernmost City Pharmacy, Southernmost Flowers and Gifts, Southernmost Insurance Agency, Southernmost School of Beauty Culture, and Southernmost Texaco Service. U.S. Highway No. 1—the principal route from Maine to Florida—begins, or ends, at Key West. Even the local radio station, WKWF, is at the southernmost end of the dial—1,600 kilocycles.

Curiously enough, Mr. Truman is not the only U.S. President who has discovered Key West's charm. Six Presidents before him—Ulysses S. Grant, Grover Cleveland, William Howard Taft, Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, and Franklin D. Roosevelt—came here and apparently liked it. After the Civil War, when Grant arrived in Key West, a Union stronghold, the people broke out a torchlight parade in his honor and fired off the guns in the harbor. F. D. R. was so enthusiastic that

he made plans at one time to buy nearby Channel Key, for which he sketched plans for a hurricane-proof lodge. Herbert Hoover comes regularly to fish each year, and even Dwight D. Eisenhower has slept here. In his famous collection of landscapes, Winston Churchill numbers several views of the reefs and beaches, which he painted while on the island.

Flying in from Washington aboard the *Independence*, Mr. Truman is accustomed to land at the U.S. Naval Air Base on Boca Chica Key, seven miles east of Key West. Another plane, full of journalists, usually accompanies him and departs when he does. The President favors air travel because, on the one occasion when he cruised in from the Potomac aboard the yacht *Williamsburg*, he was obliged to undergo a particularly dizzy and nauseating spell in the rough seas off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina. Usually, however, the *Williamsburg* is brought down separately for Mr. Truman's use, while a courier



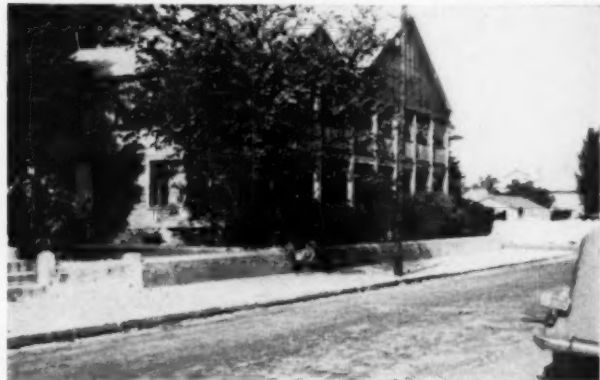
Like this lighthouse, practically every structure in Key West boasts of being "southernmost" in the U.S.A.

plane flies daily messages back and forth to Washington.

In Key West, the President occupies the house of the naval commandant. There he changes from the somber executive suitings of the North to the practical and typical local garb—light slacks and uninhibited sport shirts. His day begins early as usual with a walk, like as not a swing down Whitehead Street to Wall, and maybe back via Duval, the main business thoroughfare. He sees few of the local people, though; many would capitalize on a friendly smile or nod, chat, or short visit from him. Several signs on the outskirts of town advise the motorist that he is entering "the vacation land of presidents," and that he may "sleep tonight where presidents sleep." Recently the city changed the name of oldtime Division Street to Truman Avenue (which springs appropriately from Roosevelt Boulevard, to the east). At one point it is intersected by Margaret Street—quite unintentionally, for the latter existed long before Miss Truman.

Although the President comes here ostensibly on vacation and dresses the part, he works most of each day, taking care of matters that would ordinarily be interrupted by the press of official ritual in Washington. But he does make it a point to sunbathe and swim daily at a small sand beach formed by a corner of Fort Zachary Taylor, named for the hero of the Mexican and Seminole wars, and the naval base's seawall. At night, he plays cards at home like any guest at a resort hotel. Because of his visits the base, formerly open to the public, has been obliged to forbid all but official visitors whether the President is actually here or not. Sentries at the gates are continually badgered by tourists asking to see "the little White House," the new name for the commandant's quarters.

Prior to the depression of the 1930's, Key West had enjoyed a traditionally prosperous, but rather shady and romantic reputation. Originally called *Cayo Hueso* (Bone Key), the name by which it is still known among Spanish-speaking peoples, because of the remains of Indian war victims discovered here by early Spanish adventurers, the island had been variously a fishermen's port, a settlement of Bahamian Conchs and Negroes, and a pirate stronghold (Sir Henry Morgan, Blackbeard, Lafitte) until 1823, when the U.S. Government dispatched Commodore David Porter and a naval force to eliminate piracy in the keys. Later on, families from New England, Virginia, and the Carolinas settled here and engaged in a suspiciously profitable ship-salvaging business. As early as 1831, cigar factories were established, and when Vicente Martínez Ybor moved his business (*El Príncipe de Gales* coronas) here from Havana in 1869, other manufacturers followed suit. By 1911, the city was, after the Cuban capital, the cigar center of the world (yearly output: 100,000,000 handmade stogies). In 1890, Key West was the largest city in Florida (population: 18,000). Sponging was also an important money-maker. One year, when the island was the country's chief source of supply, the local hookers (their method is to "hook" sponges off



Typical local architecture is reflected in these houses floated intact from Green Turtle Cay, Bahamas, in nineteenth century

the ocean floor with long poles from dinghies) sold \$750,000 worth. Another contributor to the local income was the U.S. Navy. During the Spanish-American War, Key West was an important base. The *Maine* steamed from here on its ill-fated voyage to Havana. During the First World War, dirigibles and observation balloons floated over the reefs to block enemy attempts to obtain Mexican oil. Then, with Prohibition, the island became the headquarters of one of the nation's most lucrative rum-running enterprises, the depot for thousands of gallons of illegal alcohol run in from Cuba by motorboat across the ninety-mile-wide Florida Strait.

But by far the most important event in the city's history, the one with the heaviest repercussions even today, occurred forty years ago when Henry M. Flagler, a partner of the first John D. Rockefeller, pushed his Florida East Coast Railroad out over the keys from Miami, tying the island to the mainland and destroying

its natural isolation. Formerly a national orphan, Key West suddenly found itself joined to the United States by an iron umbilical cord that cost forty-nine million dollars and more than seven hundred human lives. Since then, what with the way things have been going everywhere, the island has been trying to make up its mind



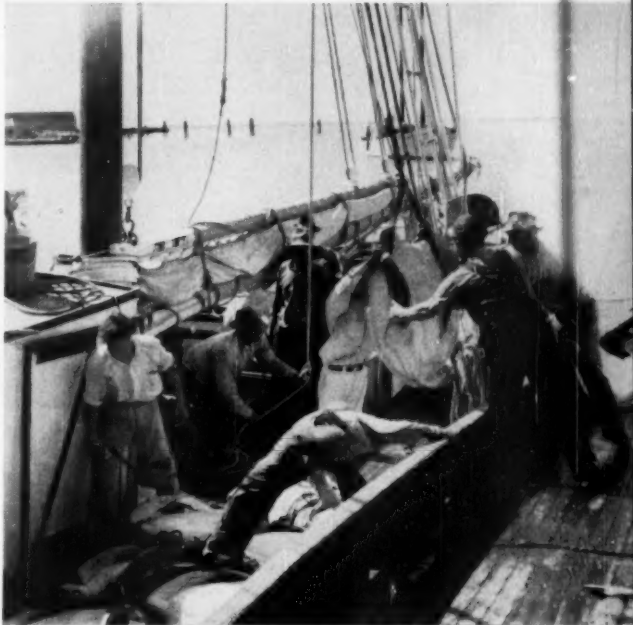
Three years ago rich shrimp beds were discovered in nearby Dry Tortugas. Now hundreds of shrimp boats prowl island waters

whether any kind of union with the United States is worth it.

Originally, the Flagler plan was a daring one. A typical nineteenth-century empire builder who saw in Florida a new frontier, Flagler had acquired a good deal of the state's valuable property and envisioned the keys as stepping stones to Caribbean and Central and South American trade. The Panama Canal was under construction at the time, and Caribbean development became the businessman's cry. Flagler conceived the idea of running railroad cars down to Key West and loading them on ocean-going ferries, on which they could be carried to Cuba and elsewhere. Latin America would reciprocate, sending railroad cars loaded with its produce to the United States via Key West. On January 12, 1912, Flagler, then in his eighties, arrived here in his private Pullman attached to the rear of the first train to go over the road. He walked off the observation platform onto a carpet of red roses and the city staged a three-day celebration. Although the old man died a year later, the railroad went ahead with his plans. On January 8, 1915, the first exchange of U.S. and Cuban freight cars took place. In 1922 the Florida East Coast line built the luxurious Casa Marina Hotel, and in 1926 Monroe County, of which Key West is the seat, completed a motor highway to the city paralleling the railroad from the mainland with the exception of two disagreeable ferry gaps at Lower Matecumbe and No Name keys. The first of the city's modern booms had set in.

Meanwhile, certain events had been taking place which, while perhaps not too serious taken singly, amounted in sum to near tragedy when the depression struck the United States after the stock-market crash of 1929. In

1904, for example, Greek divers from the Mediterranean settled at Tarpon Springs, near Tampa, and, with their superior methods, took away a good deal of Key West's sponging business. Later a mysterious blight, the same that killed the industry in the Bahamas and Cuba, virtually wiped out the local beds, already seriously threatened by the rise of ersatz sponge production in the North. Labor troubles flared in the cigar factories. The workers imported from Havana brought with them the same demands that the manufacturers had sought to escape by setting up their businesses in Key West. Strikes spread. At one factory, fifteen separate walkouts took place in a single day. As a result, most of the companies moved to Tampa, where unions were still non-existent. Meanwhile, the rise in cigarette smoking and the perfecting of cheap, machine-made cigars were contributing heavily to the decline of whatever remained of the trade at Key West. Soon the island found itself leaning heavily on federal money. Competition in freight rates interfered with the international railroad business, and Florida East Coast went into the hands of receivers. Steamer lines dropped Key West as a port of call. When the government reduced its defense expenditures, the naval base was put on the inactive list, and the coast-guard detachment was transferred to St. Petersburg. That was



Turtling is lucrative industry. Fishermen rove as far afield as Cayman Islands, coasts of Nicaragua and Honduras

the last straw. The island went broke. With nearly half of its population on relief, the city defaulted in the payment of both principal and interest on its bonded debt. It was unable to pay even the salaries of its officers and employees.

Into the picture as medicine man for the island's blues

(Continued on page 30)

lepers' children



Healthy children of leper parents enjoy the Easter season in a "prevention home"

Eunice Weaver spearheads Brazil's battle against an ancient scourge

Alvadee Adams

ONE OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISEASES stalked the mountains of Brazil some years ago in the body of a twelve-year-old boy. The open sores, leonine face, and withered bones stamped the dread word *leper* all over him. But the census taker who found him knew what to do—he wired Dona Eunice Weaver, known all over Brazil as the leper's best friend.

In a tumbledown shack she found the boy and his two sisters, aged eight and five. Miraculously, the little girls showed no signs of leprosy. Their father had died three

years earlier in a leper colony, and the disease had taken their mother six months before. The three children had buried her. Afterward the boy tried to support them all by begging along the road. "But everyone," he whimpered, "is afraid of me."

Dona Eunice promptly sent the boy where no one need fear him—into one of Brazil's leper colonies, where he is now receiving medical care and good food. The girls' story is brighter—they are growing up healthy in one of Dona Eunice's "prevention homes."

The "prevention home" is Brazil's contribution to the world-wide fight against leprosy. It is in a sense an orphanage, a home for those who are not orphans at all, but children leprosy parents cannot keep and nobody else wants. Credit for building them goes to a courageous band of volunteer women headed by Mrs. Weaver.

Brazil has sixty thousand or more cases of leprosy and, of all South American countries, probably the best leper-control program. It now has forty colonies, built and maintained by the government, in which twenty-five thousand lepers are being cared for. More has been done for lepers since 1935 than in the entire span of the country's previous history. Thanks to the well-modulated voices of eight thousand women, the Brazilian government and public hear more about leprosy than any other nation.

Eunice Weaver leads the voices, as president of an organization called the *Federação das Sociedades de Assistência aos Lázaros e Defesa Contra a Lepra* (Federation of Societies for Assistance to Lepers and Leprosy Prevention)—a resounding title for an outstanding work. The 170 societies, located in cities and hamlets all over Brazil, work with the government in the isolation and care of lepers, provide for their families, rehabilitate the cured, and educate the public in leprosy control.

Their biggest job is building and maintaining the prevention homes. When Dona Eunice was elected president in 1934, there were only four homes. Now there are thirty-one with at least one in every state, housing more than four thousand children. For the children's sake, she prefers to call them *educandários* rather than *preventórios*, for she feels they would prefer to grow up in a place with an educational rather than a medical name.

Such tact has keynoted Dona Eunice's rise to fame among leprologists the world over. It has helped her raise the number of societies from nine to 170 in Brazil, and start the ball rolling in other countries. Her magnificent obsession is the children (leprosy strikes quickest at the young). "Take them away from their leprosy parents before it is too late, and let us care for them," she says. "The more children in our homes, the less fear for posterity. Remember the grandchildren. If we could isolate all lepers, and watch over all the children, leprosy would be stamped out in two generations!"

When Eunice Gabbi was growing up in the coffee town of São Manuel do Paraíso, in São Paulo state, it was a common occurrence for caravans of lepers to pass along the road, begging alms of the coffee planters—the wretched sufferers' only means of support.

One day an entire family in the neighborhood suddenly disappeared. Eunice's parents often discussed the mystery, and she wondered what could have happened to the little girl in the family who had been her playmate. Several years later, when a caravan of lepers came to town, their mournful cry brought Eunice and her mother to the gate to toss them money. What they saw changed the whole course of Eunice's life. One of the beggars was the neighbor's daughter, a victim of a repulsive type of skin leprosy. Eunice's mother collapsed at the sight and

became so ill that her husband was afraid her mind was affected. He gave up his coffee farm and took his family to Argentina, where they remained for ten years.

By the time the Gabbis moved back to Brazil, Eunice was an energetic, strong-limbed young lady with a sensible head on her shoulders. It made no difference to her that nursing was then considered degrading for upper-class women. Childhood memories told her that good nurses were one of her country's greatest needs. She enrolled in a São Paulo hospital and graduated at the head of her class.

She was head nurse of Emilio Ribas Hospital in São Paulo when a U.S. professor who had taught her briefly at Union College in Rio Grande do Sul came there in 1927 for infantile-paralysis treatment. Twenty years' difference in ages did not prevent their falling in love, and when Anderson Weaver returned to his school in the mountainous state of Minas Gerais, Dona Eunice went with him as his bride.

Minas Gerais has more lepers than any other state; yet at that time there was only one colony, poorly run and with no means of recreation. Dona Eunice organized a fund-raising campaign for a big recreation center,



Eunice Weaver,
tireless friend of
Brazil's lepers

which became the pride of the state.

Her work might have ended there, had she not gone abroad and learned how far Brazil lagged behind other countries in leprosy control. In 1929 she and her husband took a world tour on a "floating university," he as a teacher of Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Portuguese, she as a student of sociology, journalism, Oriental philosophy, and comparative religion. The Weavers visited several large leper colonies in the Far East. At Dr. Ernest Muir's world-famed clinic in Calcutta, Dona Eunice saw for the first time what could be done to free society from the horrible scourge, and made up her mind to concentrate all her energy on fighting leprosy when she returned to Brazil.

That fight had already been started by a group of wealthy São Paulo women, who built the first Brazilian leper colony in 1915. One day when some of them were

visiting the center, the lepers made a remarkable request: "Instead of raising money to help us, we wish you would take that money to care for our children, who are running like beggars in the streets because we are not able to look after them." Deeply touched, the women formed a society to build a home for these children. The state capital's big daily *O Estado de São Paulo* called for public contributions, and a million cruzeiros (U.S. \$50,000) were raised for the first prevention home in Brazil, Santa Terezinha Asylum.

Through the ensuing years, other women's clubs pledged help, and in 1932 all these groups were organized into a Federation of Societies. In 1935, the year after Dona Eunice was elected president, the headquarters were moved to Rio de Janeiro. Meanwhile, the government established the National Leper Service, with authority to build colonies, segregate lepers, and provide public-health physicians to treat all cases.

The only difference between a colony and an ordinary village is the encircling fence beyond which no resident may pass. Inside are homes, churches, schools, and hospitals. Many of the colonies are largely self-supporting, raising their own meat, grain, and vegetables. The colonists do manual labor when they are able. Husband and wife live together and carry on a normal married life. There have even been two hundred cases of healthy wives accompanying their leprous husbands into the colonies. No pressure is exerted to keep lepers from having children, for there is no evidence that the disease is hereditary.

Some Brazilian states require leprous parents to give up their children; others do not. But this is no problem, reports Dona Eunice, because the mothers gladly surrender them to the federation's "foster mothers" for protection against the disease. An attempt is made to place each baby in a prevention home close by the mother's colony, so it can be brought to the mother as often as is safe.

The parents' greatest fear is that one day a child of theirs will come into the colony with a new group of lepers. This tragedy actually occurs in less than one per cent of the cases, and only when a child has been living too long with his sick parents. A child taken to a prevention home is isolated from the others for as long as six months and watched carefully for signs of leprosy. After that he mingles with the other children, and all are examined every month by the public-health doctor in charge of the home.

Leprosy spreads most rapidly among the poor, where filth and other diseases weaken resistance. However, I visited a leper colony in the state of Rio de Janeiro where a handsome blond youth caught my eye. "I thought you would notice him," said Dona Eunice. "He comes from one of the richest families in Rio. You see, leprosy can strike anywhere."

Most leprosy cases are discovered in the nationwide syphilis clinics established by the Health Department. The taboo against public discussion of syphilis was broken down, and a control program started, fifteen years earlier than in the United States. "More than ninety-

Ten years ago these children of lepers would not have been allowed to take part in a parade



Baby "orphaned" by leprosy as it looked on arrival at "prevention home" and three months later. Children are all right if taken from parents in time



Thanks to Dona Eunice, these girls at Educandário Gustavo Capanema will have normal lives despite their parents' illness

eight per cent of all our isolated lepers have syphilis too," says Dona Eunice. "Doctors don't seem to think the two are actually related, but they believe syphilis weakens the body so that the leprosy germ takes over easily."

Although leprosy is found in all climates, in Brazil it seems to be particularly prevalent along the river valleys, perhaps because the rivers are the chief means of communication. It is particularly rife among the migratory workers of the Amazon Valley, where uncleanness, poor living conditions, bad food, and heat all tear down bodily resistance.

In 1942 a leper was found working in the diamond mines of Goiás who had come on foot from his home in Ceará to join the rubber workers on the Amazon and had later drifted south. During his four-month trek, he had spread his terrifying germs over six hundred miles.

One leper Dona Eunice found in the diamond district carried three hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in his belt. When he went into isolation he left the fortune to his five healthy children, donating only two cows to the colony.

In 1944, I visited a prevention camp, fifteen hundred miles up the Amazon, that had been built two years before. Educandário Gustavo Capanema, named for a Minister of Health and Education, overlooked the broad Rio Negro a short distance from where it joined the Amazon. Seventy-eight healthy "orphans" of living parents, of varied nationalities and colors, were working in vegetable gardens, building a stable for cows, studying in the schoolroom, and playing on the big lawn. Dona Isabel, president of the Manaus society that built the home, proudly pulled out photographs showing how the children's appearance had changed since they entered. She has a right to be proud of that *preventório*. Under the experienced eye of Dona Eunice, the Manaus society had raised fifteen thousand dollars in just one week to build it.

It is doubtful whether even Eleanor Roosevelt can beat Eunice Weaver's travel record. Brazil is larger than the United States, and to check the federation's work over this far-flung territory Dona Eunice spends at least half her time on the road. The Brazilian writer Alvaro Maia once called her the "Ambassador to the Sufferers." By air, train, river boat, automobile, and horse she has covered tens of thousands of miles, from the apple-growing regions of the south to the torrid jungles of the north. One day I found her in her Rio office; the next day she was off to Goiás, two thousand miles away. She officiates at the opening of new buildings, organizes new federation societies, supervises construction work, and, above all, collects money.

To carry on its building and maintenance program the federation now needs eleven million cruzeiros (U.S. \$550,000) a year—twenty times more than the budget called for before Dona Eunice became president. Half that amount comes from voluntary private contributions; the government donates the rest.

When Dona Eunice heads into new territory, she first visits the governor, mayor, and other local authorities, to enlist their support, then calls on the church dignitaries. Next comes a publicity drive. Well known for her hundreds of newspaper articles, written as a member of the Brazilian Press Association, she also makes impromptu speeches colored by tragic stories she has come across in her battle against leprosy. Then she rounds up her helpers and they pay calls on all local organizations. They march in parades and stage rallies—all with the local notables on hand. Many women belonging to the federation enlist the aid of their husbands' firms.

Though the largest single contribution each year comes from the government, Dona Eunice insists that the organi-

zation must keep free of governmental apron strings. When the Minister tried to give her an office in the beautiful new Health and Education building, she politely refused. For years the Palace Hotel supplied two small rooms without charge. When it was torn down last year, the federation moved to a new office building, where it occupies six rooms.

Dona Eunice works seven days and nights a week, with an ardor that would make her a millionaire if she were engaged in remunerative labor. Yet she does not accept a cent for her prodigious effort. After her mother's death, her father remarried, and she helped rear four



Volleyball game in full swing at a "prevention home" in Natal

stepbrothers and sisters. She and her husband now share their modest Rio apartment with one of the married stepsisters and her family. One of her pet mottoes is, "*Dá mais, e viverás mais; o melhor está ainda para vir*" ("Give more and live more; the best is yet to come"). *El Tiempo* of Bogotá, Colombia, once called her the "prototype of the new American woman."

When Dona Eunice became president, the federation's work was limited to the populous section below Brazil's waist—Rio, São Paulo, and Minas Gerais. "An *educandário* in every state" became her slogan. She flew north to the sugar-growing state of Pernambuco, where she won the ardent support of the governor's wife, and raised four hundred thousand cruzeiros (U.S. \$20,000) in two weeks to break ground for the first *educandário* in that state. Her second campaign was still farther north in tiny Paraíba State. Over her protests the home built there was called "Educandário Eunice Weaver." Since then her name has been painted over the gate posts of four other new homes.

Before the end of her first year in office, she had raised 1,211,000 cruzeiros (U.S. \$60,550) in four northern states. Bahia convicts in the state prison read of her work and asked her to visit them. When she told them of her homes for children, they passed the hat and collected some three thousand cruzeiros (U.S. \$150). One, who was in for banditry and murder, gave six hundred cruzeiros (U.S. \$30), his total savings from prison labor.

Gifts have even come from the United States. Before

(Continued on page 28)



Majestic Popocatepetl soars to 17,887 feet. Alternate trails to eastern slope are seen at lower left



Stragglers take time out as hardier climbers approach the rim under cloud of sulphur fumes

Gordon H. MacDougall

MOST PILGRIMAGES IN MEXICO are associated with the veneration of some saint, but there is one that honors the Discoverer of America and seems more like an excursion than a religious procession. This, the most curious Columbus Day celebration in the world, is a mass climb to the smoking crater of Mt. Popocatepetl, which soars over the Valley of Mexico to an altitude of almost eighteen thousand feet. Strangely enough, the custom is seldom heard of outside Mexico except for an occasional news item when the ascent is marred by fatalities.

Each year, on the eve of October 12, more than four hundred people, many without any previous climbing experience, start out on the overnight trek up the side of the volcano. When I made the trip, the hikers were a motley crew of lawyers, doctors, businessmen, farmers, students, taxi drivers, housewives, a few children, and men from many other American and European countries, climbing on their own or representing various alpinist clubs. Usually fewer than fifty of the starters succeed in reaching the top, but even those who barely inch their way up as far as the snow line still have an exciting time of it.

Climbers who are in good condition and do not suffer from altitude complications can scale the cone in less than eight hours. Starting time has to be calculated carefully to fit weather conditions. Fortunately, the weather in the Valley of Mexico is obligingly systematic. Almost every afternoon about two, a storm develops over Popocatepetl and its sister volcano, Ixtaccihuatl. This occurs more regularly in summer than in winter, but an afternoon storm is still quite likely in October. For this reason most of the climbers leave the base camp at Tlamacas, above Amecameca, at three o'clock in the morning, in order to reach the crater and be down again

POPO

On Columbus Day

by the time the storm strikes. They spend the night before in cars or tents at the base camp, at an altitude of almost thirteen thousand feet.

The first part of the climb is deceptively easy. For a short distance there is a dirt road once used by sulphur gatherers, and the slope is gradual. Despite the altitude, even the uninitiated can walk a hundred yards without resting. This is fortunate, because the climb begins in darkness, with the aid of torches. It soon takes on the mystical aspect of a religious procession, as the climbers in single file form an almost unbroken line of flickering lights from Tlamacas up to La Cruz, where the trail turns sharply toward the crater and suddenly becomes much steeper. Most of the pilgrims reach this point, but don't get much farther.

Here at La Cruz (14,100 feet), the Mexican Red Cross



Above the clouds, resting climbers look out on mountains Malinche (left) and Orizaba in the distance



Successful climbers reach crater rim. Makeshift crosses honor casualties of previous pilgrimages

or BUST

Mexicans head skyward up favorite volcano

sets up its main first-aid station, since this is where the altitude and strain begin to tell on the climbers, and it is a convenient center for evacuating casualties to less rarefied air. The first-aid stations are simply tents carried up the slope by the leading climbers. This effort often exhausts a good mountaineer to the point where he cannot complete the ascent. The stations are manned by volunteers who are expert climbers as well as first-aid men. Of course, they are more interested in preventing accidents than in carrying someone down the mountain on a stretcher. One of their big problems is setting up the tents, for the volcanic ash offers little support, and a high wind may further complicate the operation.

By the time the sun has risen, all but the stragglers will have passed the critical La Cruz turn, and if the atmosphere is right they will see a breathtaking sight.

It begins with a barely perceptible glow above the horizon in the direction of Veracruz. As the light cuts through the mist down into Puebla Valley, the peaks of Orizaba and Malinche appear in silhouette against a crimson sky. The sun's heat takes the edge off the below-freezing chill. The sun is doubly welcome, for at this altitude the pace of climbing is too slow to warm the body.

As far as La Cruz, no special equipment is required. This point can be reached in ordinary street clothes. Beyond the turn, you begin to need crampons, goggles, and a pick or piolet. Since spikes provide a firm footing on the ice, experienced climbers prefer to follow the ice fields that jut down into the ravines rather than wallow in the volcanic ash of the ridges. Ice and snow make the goggles an absolute necessity to prevent snow-blindness, and the climber's entire head must be covered with a sort of ski cap against the danger of severe sunburn in this thin, clear air. The pick may seem like a lot of weight to carry, but the Red Cross attendants insist that it may mean the difference between reaching the crater and being picked up in a basket at the foot of the cone. It isn't difficult to gather enough downward momentum to reach a point of no return, and the pick at least assures the climber a clutching chance. There was a time when Indian guides used to bring tourists up to the snowline and let them slide downhill on fiber mats. The authorities have discouraged this practice, because more than one visitor rolled all the way to the bottom without benefit of mat.

In addition to the weather deadline, there is another reason for trying to reach the top as early as possible. As the day warms up, stones melt loose from the ice and fall away. A good-sized rock may travel all the way from the rim to the base of the cone and is apt to follow



Veteran alpinist stands on treacherous ash inside crater rim. Pit is half a mile across

an erratic path. This danger is announced by the word *piedra*, shouted by the people above in the long round tones of a Swiss yodeler. The safest procedure in such a crisis, according to the experts, is to stand still with the handle end of the piolet firmly stuck in the sand in the direction of the stone. Then you hope it will go whistling by you and not through you.

The nearer a climber gets to the rim of the crater, the more conscious he becomes of the fact that most of the people around him are either lying down or leaning on their picks in sheer exhaustion. Mexico City people are accustomed to a 7,500-foot elevation, but even they have a rough time at around fifteen thousand feet. At such altitudes most people experience a certain dizziness, frequently followed by a splitting headache. Up around seventeen thousand feet even the best climbers take only three or four steps at a time, then pause about thirty seconds, waiting for a delayed reaction—heavy breathing and violent thumping of heart and temples. It requires a lot of breathing up there to take in the oxygen you need for a few steps. At this level most of the people have gone as far as they are going and simply lie or sit down to regain their strength. When I was making the climb, an electrifying rumor was whispered about that three climbers had fallen down the treacherous northern slope and another had died of suffocation, freezing, or both. After this it was impossible not to give a more-than-casual look at the inert bodies scattered over the ice in positions that didn't make it clear whether they were suffering from simple fatigue or rigor mortis.

Inside, the crater's sharp rim slopes down abruptly for about twenty feet. Then there is a straight drop into the pit. At least two makeshift crosses on the rim bear witness that more than one climber has scrambled over the edge only to find himself sliding helplessly down over loose ash into the crater far below.



And half a mile below is world's highest lagoon. Burning sulphur deposits line crater walls

A look into the crater fully compensates all the effort expended in reaching the rim. At the bottom of its deep, bell-shaped cavity lies a beautiful emerald-green lagoon—the highest body of liquid water in the world. The volcano has been inactive since the last eruption in 1921. The smoke that curls up into a trailing plume is not an indication of an impending outbreak; it comes from the burning sulphur deposits on the sides of the crater. In the days of the conquistadors Cortés' soldiers extracted sulphur here for making gunpowder.

It was recently proposed that a cable car be installed to carry passengers up to the crater rim. Whatever its merits, the idea met with a storm of protests from alpinists and the general public alike. The Mexican people were evidently unwilling to disfigure the ancient mountain that had been the "Warrior" of Aztec legend, standing guard over Ixtaccihuatl, the "Sleeping Woman." The artisans of Tlaquepaque still carve those legendary figures as table decorations. The volcanoes themselves can be seen painted on the sides of ice-cream vendors' carts anywhere in Mexico, and a more grandiose version of the same scene appears on the twenty-two-ton glass screen for the stage of the Palace of Fine Arts in the capital. This was made by Tiffany at a cost of forty-seven thousand dollars, after a design by the celebrated artist Dr. Atl, who lived in the crater for some time and who, incidentally, attributes his baldness to the sulphurous fumes.

Of course the night of October 11 is the time to make the Popocatepetl trip if you want to see the big show. But if you can't make it then, you will still find it very much worth while to drive up to Tlamecas any day of the year over the good dirt road maintained by the Mexican National Parks. The spectacle of the glistening cone standing above the magnificent Valley of Mexico is incomparable.

NEW LOOMS

(Continued from page 8)

perform, more Indian children could attend school.

The looms imported from the United States to serve as models are the type built and used by the Oklahoma Indians. Their design, while ingenious, is simple, and not very different from that of the old Spanish looms. Our carpenters can copy them without difficulty. In fact, an Otavalo craftsman has already finished one that is even sturdier than the original. The few steel parts that our country is not equipped to manufacture, such as heddles and combs, will be imported from the United States through the national chain of development banks.

The main change from the Spanish loom in the Oklahoma models is in the system of bars that hit the shuttle, sending it from side to side without the weaver's having to work it with his hand. This fascinates the Indians and makes the looms the hit of the Otavalo demonstration center. It also, of course, speeds up the operation tremendously. Furthermore, the Oklahoma models can make cloth twice as wide.



Farms climb the hillsides around Otavalo, center of the first commercial hand weaving region in Ecuador

Two weavers run the demonstration center, explaining in the Indians' own language the advantages of the new methods of washing, dyeing, and carding the wool, and the operation of the new looms and warping frame. Visitors are invited to participate in the work so they can learn by doing. An experienced weaver can learn to use the new machines in a few minutes.

The metal parts for the only new-model loom so far built in Ecuador were contributed by two photographers who filmed a motion picture for the U.S. State Department in Otavalo. Now the owner of the new loom, one of the weavers at the Otavalo center, can organize a similar demonstration program in Cotopaxi Province. Local people have already offered a building for the shop and food and lodging for the instructor.

All the weavers who have seen the new looms have expressed a desire to own one, and it is our hope that

they will eventually replace all those now in the Indians' homes. The chief of the Cooperative Public Health Service, who also directs the United States Technical Assistance Program in Ecuador, is arranging to hire local carpenters and import the metal parts, and the financing will be kept within the weavers' means through special government loans.

With this equipment our Indians will begin to turn out cloth of much better texture, color, and finish, and in three times the current volume. In other words, the Indian weavers of Otavalo and eventually those of all Ecuador will be in a position to produce guaranteed cloth acceptable anywhere in the world for its superior quality. The government is much interested in extending this program to other parts of the country, and requests for technical help have already been received from several provinces.

Today the United States offers an unlimited market for this cloth. It is well liked there and commands at least five dollars a yard—that is, the price of a whole three-yard suiting in Ecuador. Exporting the cloth would provide an extra source of badly needed foreign exchange.

I mentioned that the Indian weavers have all been pleased with the new methods and are grateful for this assistance. But knowing as they do the length of time involved in the whole process of making cloth by hand, they ask anxiously if there are not spinning machines too. It has been argued that a spinning mill would cost a great deal of money and would be uneconomical to operate for a single region like Otavalo. But the Indians rightly maintain that the program will not be complete until more and better yarn is produced. They also say that the spinning mill, in addition to rendering a service, would be a magnificent business. There has already been talk of organizing a cooperative for the purpose of acquiring a spinning machine with a capacity of one hundred pounds of wool a day, and President Plaza has offered the Government's cooperation in financing it and waiving import duties.

Now there is only one mechanized wool-textile factory in the country—near Quito—and its goods, while of fine quality, are almost as expensive as the imported kind. Also, it produces yarn only for its own use.

If the new techniques spread, the repercussions in the Indians' way of life will be enormous. Because the new looms are much wider than the old, many houses will have to be enlarged to make room for them in the hallways. Since they are three or four times faster, three or four times as much yarn will be needed. So more sheep will have to be raised for wool. Installation of a spinning machine would mean that the Indians who now spin wool by hand would have to become weavers or find another trade.

Thus the program for improving techniques in the hand textile industry, which is one of the more effective and practical projects undertaken by the technical-assistance program in Ecuador, has infinite possibilities for speeding progress, raising living standards, and fostering democratic political stability in the land on the Equator.

FEATHERED FACTORIES

IN THE ROCKY PACIFIC ISLANDS off the coast of Peru from Huacho to Pisco, millions of workers happily carry on one of the world's strangest industries. The Peruvian Government maintains their homes and ideal working

conditions. The trade is handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter, from generation to generation. No one feels exploited. No strikes mar employee tranquillity or interfere with efficiency. When labor troubles



arise, they are from forces beyond earthly control, for the workers are birds that produce guano, the richest natural fertilizer known to man. Its high nitrogen content renders it more than thirty-three times as effective as any known barnyard manure.

For centuries guano (the name is derived from the Quechua word *huanu*) has exerted a profound influence on the nation's economic and political life. Without it, the coastal farmers could not grow crops in their thin topsoil. In fact, the present domestic demand far exceeds the supply, and no more than ten per cent of the annual production may legally be exported. As a result, cheap chemical fertilizer has begun to flood the market. Although admittedly inferior to guano, it could become a serious threat to the industry. Meanwhile, the Peruvian Guano Company, with fifty-one per cent of its stock

owned by the government and the rest by private investors, has a monopoly on the business. The history of guano manufacture dates back to the Inca Empire. In those days the death penalty was inflicted on anyone who disturbed the birds during the breeding season. Now, after shameful exploitation of the deposits by the thoughtless and greedy during the colonial era, the birds are again legally protected from intrusion, even airplane noises, ship whistles, or fishermen in the vicinity.

Three kinds of birds produce the precious guano at an average rate of 150,000 tons a year, with each bird contributing some thirty-three pounds. They are the guanay, a white-breasted cormorant; the *piquero*, or booby; and the pelican. Production is the result of a natural food chain that begins when the birds feed on the anchovies in the Humboldt Current, which flows



Because guano islands are rainless, this young cormorant can live out in the open in nest built with his parents' feathers

Pelicans are third members of guano island family. Their unfeathered young have ancient, prehistoric look, appear ready for the broiler



Number two producers of guano are the piqueros, or boobies. Sun-lovers, they are expert fishermen with their long, sharp bills, speedy flight

Pelican parents wean their children early. Pushed from the nest, these youngsters will soon begin to fly to earn their keep



past their islands. Not all the excrement produced falls on land where it can be gathered for fertilizer; a good bit is returned to the sea where its rich salts nourish the plankton—minute animals and plants—consumed by the anchovies. To turn out their average yearly guano supply Peruvian birds need over a million tons of the tiny fish.

If the feathered worker is a guanay, he breeds once a year. After selecting a site for a nest, the cock attracts the hen by twisting his neck back to touch his tail, then quacks like a duck. When a hen chooses him, a four-month period of courtship, laying and incubating eggs, and caring for the young follows. Because the blistering sun can kill the newborn, the guanay usually select their homesites with ample air-conditioning in mind, and construct their cup-shaped, windswept nests of guano reinforced with pebbles and feathers. The *piqueros*, on the

other hand, can stand more heat, and nest in large groups on ledges in the warm sections of the islands. From there they fish, diving into the water from great heights like flying spearheads. The pelicans build their homes on whatever land remains, collecting guano, sand, feathers, and pebbles in the pouches under their beaks. The bird returning with this construction material dumps it over the back of his mate, who then scatters it around the nest in a homey gesture of birdly housekeeping.

According to most guano island literature, the rocks appear from afar as food ("white cake icing," "loaf sugar," "meringue," "dumplings"). To one visitor, they resembled "spoonfuls of floating island dropped in an immense dark pudding." Another writer, describing them in 1840, when the guano beds had remained untouched for some time, declared that "layers one hundred and



Symbols of piety because of erroneous belief they wound own breasts to feed young on blood, pelicans actually nourish offspring by regurgitation

As at any modern factory, guano workers wash up at end of shift. Then they fly out over Humboldt Current for hearty, rewarding meal



Usually popular neighbors of guano birds are sea lions, one of whom seems "lionized" here by feathery admirers during gay reception

Knocking off for lunch, guano birds depart in droves for seafood dinner. They don't have much choice; arid climate leaves rocks barren



twenty feet high covered the islands like huge glistening helmets." In any event, they present a variety of barren contour with their beaches, bays, deep fjords, great green caves, and cliffs. From them rise the deafening screeches of the inhabitants mixed with the roar of their only neighbors, herds of sea lions.

From time to time, nature does these creatures an unkind turn. Like many animals, the birds are subject to population cycles, which may or may not be related to weather conditions caused by the Humboldt Current. About every seven years they die off by the thousands, probably from starvation. From 1939 to 1941, for example, their numbers were reduced by sixty per cent. Disease, as well as vultures and other birds of prey, also attacks them. Occasionally an ordinarily harmless seal goes berserk and destroys large numbers. Among guano

birds themselves, there are robbers who take stones and grass from unguarded nests, destroying eggs and injuring the young in a desperate effort to secure scarce building material. Yet nature also offers compensations. She supplies ground spiders and lizards, which live on ticks, lice, and other parasites that suck blood from the guano islanders.

But man makes the largest contribution to the welfare and preservation of these feathered creatures. He sees that the islands are harvested biennially and in rotation and at the proper time, to avoid reducing the breeding potential of the birds. He provides medical attention when they are ill and maintains improved sanitary conditions. And he conducts research to make their lives happier, healthier, and more productive in what is one of the great bird conservation programs of modern times.



Occasionally a sea lion goes berserk, destroying vast numbers of birds. Then men kill him, commit his carcass to the sea

Sick bird (dull eyes, drooping wings) is cause of concern for scientists who recognize his individual worth



Only buildings on barren guano islands are these sheds used for packing fertilizer. Their roofs help solve nesting problem

Guano island produce is exported to mainland where, as fertilizer, it is invaluable contributor to Peruvian economy



LEPERS' CHILDREN

(Continued from page 19)

World War II introduced complications into sending money abroad, two men regularly donated fifty dollars. The women's clubs of Richmond and Roanoke, Virginia, both of which had heard Dona Eunice speak during her infrequent trips north, also sent money. At Christmas time the women of Alexandria, Virginia, send boxes of handmade quilts. Dona Eunice reserves them as wedding gifts for colony couples. They are always proud to show visitors their U.S. presents.

During a visit to New York in 1949, Dona Eunice went to a large automobile dealer to order a station wagon for one of the *educandários*. The manager told her she would have to buy it direct from the agency in Brazil (where it would cost her twice as much). "Wire the agent and tell him who wants it," she suggested. Back came the answer: "Sell Dona Eunice anything she wants."

Federation members spend considerable time visiting leper colonies, for they have made it part of their program to provide recreation, religious facilities, libraries, musical instruments, and toys, as well as all the tinsel and costumes that go to making holidays festive occasions. I saw a sample of what these women mean to the lepers of Brazil when I watched them distribute winter clothing to the 350 men, women, and children in a colony near Rio de Janeiro. The lepers knew them well. They had been there many times before—to supervise construction of the lovely church on the highest hill, which the president of the Rio society had donated; to bring a thousand books for the neatly kept library, instruments for the band, and the wheelchair for the twelve-year-old girl whose legs were only stumps below the knees.

The patients came to a central building to receive the clothing—that is, all but the forty who were bed-ridden. All kept a measured distance away from us. The women quickly distributed the clothing, chatting with the recipients. As soon as the children got their dresses, suits, and pajamas, they staged an impromptu fashion parade in the girls' dormitory.

There is probably not a leper in Brazil's colonies or a child in a prevention home who doesn't know Dona Eunice. She herself knows the names and case histories of most of them. I have seen old fathers and mothers hobble up to her and ask when they can expect a visit from their children. In the Rio colony the musicians played several numbers for us, and then asked Dona Eunice if they might have uniforms some day. She thought a minute, and then said, "Yes, I think I can arrange them for you next month."

These musicians, I suddenly noticed, were laboring under considerable difficulty. But a joint missing here and a thumb there didn't stop them from working hard at their favorite pastime. They played a waltz the young blond piano player with the distorted face had composed himself, entitled "*A Dor que Suportamos*" ("The Pain We Endure"). As they sang I struggled to keep the tears behind my sun glasses. "They don't like to see people cry," Dona Eunice told me. I thought then that her success with these poor sufferers was in treating them not



Educandário Carlos Chagas in Juiz de Fora, Minas Gerais, houses three hundred children, carries on large agricultural projects



Behind closed gates, A corner of the Santa Tereza leper colony in Florianópolis, Santa Catarina



Largest of the "prevention homes" is the Educandário Eunice Weaver in Belém, Pará, which has room for five hundred children



Educandário Olegario Maciel in Varginha, Minas Gerais

as a national problem, but as human beings and friends.

She constantly canvasses city and countryside for unreported cases. When she entered one town, the records listed eight cases; when she left, more than a hundred had been sent to the state colony. Many times aged members of the family who must be cared for remain behind. This year the federation looked after five thousand families of lepers. A happier part of the federation's work is seeing that a cured leper gets a job when he returns from a colony. In the state of São Paulo alone more than six thousand patients have passed beyond the gates to take up a new and useful life, thanks to the care provided by doctors of the National Leper Service. Recently they have reported great success with new sulfa drugs, such as promin, promizal, diasone, and sulfetron.

Another happy task for Dona Eunice is helping prepare wedding ceremonies for her grown-up "children." Last year there were ten marriages in the *educandários*; only one was between two residents, which shows there is no stigma attached to being a leper "orphan."

On arrival at a home, she finds plenty of pressing problems. If a new building is being constructed, she dives into the plans with the architect. I have seen her argue calmly but firmly that whole walls must be removed because her plans were not followed. From experience, she knows *preventório* design in some ways better than building contractors.

No problems are too big or too small for her to tackle. Once she arrived at a prevention home in Paraná to find the director in a dither because three children who had arrived a week before would not stop crying.

"Are you homesick for your parents?" she asked.

"No, *senhora*," they sobbed.

"Well, what is the matter then?"

"Our pigs, we are so homesick for our two little baby pigs."

"They want to walk the whole way home for those animals," the director explained. Home, where the pigs had been sold to a neighbor, was a two days' walk from there. Dona Eunice sent the eldest boy and a handyman back by train, with enough money to buy the two pigs. When the farmer heard the story, he was so touched that he gave them back their two pets, and added eighteen pigs for the table, two cows, and a burro. Faced with the problems of getting the livestock back home, the handyman telegraphed Dona Eunice, who promptly made arrangements with the railroad to ship the whole menagerie free of charge. The three children were bursting with happiness. However, everyone had considerable difficulty keeping track of which pigs were pets and which were pork.

Working constantly so close to the disease, a lesser woman than Dona Eunice might be afraid of contracting it. But there is never a hint of the martyr in her makeup. "I always take the necessary precautions in the colonies, which means washing my hands upon leaving, and not touching any of the patients. I believe there is more to fear in some of our large cities, where there are still many undetected lepers."

Her work has long been recognized by doctors not

only in Latin America but the world over. In 1938, Dr. Muir, who had given her inspiration years before, cabled her a personal invitation to attend the International Leprosy Conference in Cairo, Egypt. She went as an official delegate from Brazil, and was the only woman to address the five hundred assembled leprologists, telling them "How Private Citizens Can Help in the Fight Against Leprosy." It was agreed at the conference that Brazil leads the world in its measures for protecting the children of leprous parents.

The American Mission to Lepers, an organization pledged to fight leprosy throughout the world, has practically bowed out of Brazil—no need to carry coals to Newcastle.

In 1950 the Brazilian government awarded Dona Eunice the National Order of Merit, "in consideration of her distinguished service to her country and humanity." She has been officially invited by thirteen countries in Central and South America to help organize social assistance for leprosy victims. On request from the Paraguayan government she went to Asunción in 1943 to help set up a more efficient leper service. A thousand Paraguayans, including high government officials, were on hand for her first talk on leprosy control. Before she left a federation of women's societies similar to the one in Brazil was organized. Its initial achievement was the opening of a prevention home, housing twenty little waifs who had been living with their leprous parents.

The following year two influential leaders of the Paraguayan federation went to Brazil to learn Dona Eunice's methods firsthand. When President Vargas heard that his "first lady ambassador" was having difficulty transporting her guests around the sprawling country, he put an army plane and pilot at their disposal. Making headlines wherever they landed, they surveyed the nation's leprosy-control measures. Paraguay has a tremendous leprosy problem, and these women returned with a zeal ignited by Eunice Weaver, determined that Brazil's success could be Paraguay's as well.

These children of the *educandários* belong to the outside world, not to an area behind closed gates. Before I left Brazil I watched Dona Eunice measure a girl of eighteen for a wedding gown. She was about to marry the carpenter who had been building a new wing on the home. I thought of the little girl in the leper colony whose legs were only stumps below the knees. The difference between her and the girl waiting for the wedding gown was the difference between life and death.

Dona Eunice endeavors to tilt the scales toward life.

Answers to quiz on page 47

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| 1. Havana | 6. George Washington |
| 2. Costa Ricans | 7. Abacá |
| 3. Bolivia | 8. Paraguay |
| 4. Puerto Montt | 9. Bogotá |
| 5. Zócalo | 10. Haiti |

LETTER FROM KEY WEST

(Continued from page 15)

stepped one Julius Stone, a native Ohioan, who had been a chemist and Wall Street speculator. Appointed director of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration for the southeastern United States, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands by President Roosevelt's aide Harry Hopkins in 1933, Stone found Key West worse than he expected. The city was a depressing slum. The streets were full of refuse and the shabby buildings were falling apart. Like Flagler before him, however, Stone soon conjured up a vision of the island as a tourist resort—only this time it would be a Florida version of Nassau or Bermuda. To



Harry Morgan, hero of *To Have and Have Not*, was skipper of charter boat like these hired regularly by tourists during season

strengthen his illusion, he had the Conchs and Cubans; shuttered, balconied houses of Bahamian origin; palm trees; coral reefs; and white, or almost white, sand beaches. (Actually, Key West's beaches leave a lot to be desired. They are invariably small, with coarse sand that makes walking and sun-bathing without a towel uncomfortable. On the other hand, the water is fine.) In addition, he had deep-sea fishing, some of the best in the world, and a climate that has never known frost.

To capitalize on these virtues, Stone had to eliminate many vices. First he had to clean up the town; then he had to publicize it. With the aid of the then governor of Florida, David Sholtz, he talked the city into turning over all its legal powers to FERA, giving him what amounted to unlimited authority. Thereupon, he organized all relievers into the Key West Volunteer Work Corps. All in all, they contributed more than two million man hours of labor. Garbage and trash were removed, recreational areas were developed, and beaches were cleaned. Old houses were renovated for the tourist trade at FERA expense through a scheme whereby Stone operated them until rents repaid the costs of repairs. Only then did the owners regain full control of them, although at no time did titles change hands. Talented but impoverished painters were imported to do murals, illustrate posters and advertising brochures, and give the island the atmosphere of an artists' colony. It had already



Home of commandant at U.S. Naval Base is now known to world as the Little White House

attracted writers like Zane Grey, Maxwell Anderson, and Ernest Hemingway, whose novel *To Have and Have Not*, an accurate appraisal of Key West life during the relief era, is the work of art for which the city will no doubt be longest remembered.

Other Stone measures included reopening the Casa Marina Hotel, helping the city obtain government grants and loans for a sewage system, and a fresh water pipeline from Homestead on the mainland, 130 miles away. Before 1942, Key West depended on rain water conserved in cisterns. Today, because of the long distance it must travel, it reaches all floors above street level somewhat jerkily and unsteadily.

On September 2, 1935, Stone's blueprint suffered one noteworthy setback when the historic Labor Day hurricane struck the keys at a wind velocity of two hundred miles per hour. The barometer sank to the lowest reading ever recorded in the Western Hemisphere, 26.35. Although Key West escaped unharmed, forty miles of Flagler's railroad track were destroyed, and hundreds of World

Although President Truman enjoys deserved relaxation, he works large part of each day at Key West



War I veterans on relief work improving the Overseas Highway lost their lives.

Florida took the tragedy in its stride. Abandoning the railroad for good, it went ahead with the motor road, building some of it over the original railroad right of way, eliminating the ferry gaps, and using bridges and viaduct construction to provide wide stretches of free-flowing water—an engineering oversight in the original plans—to accommodate hurricane tides. The end of the railroad's commercial importance to the island had actually been in the cards for some time—ever since 1927, in fact, when a Pan American Airways plane took off for Havana from Key West's Meacham Field on the first regular international flight from the U.S.A., presaging successful overseas air transport. Incidentally, after the Labor Day hurricane, Flagler's railway ferries were transferred to Port Everglades, out of which they still operate to Cuba, but the rest of his grandiose dream has never materialized. However, the Overseas Highway, completed in 1942, threatens to take over where he left off. If a group of Cuban businessmen decides to back the reopening of the Key West-Havana passenger and automobile ferry, a previous service discontinued during World War II as unprofitable, Cuba's highways will be thrown open to thousands of North American motorists and truckers.

As for Stone, it is interesting to note that he left the government in 1937 and attended Harvard Law School. Returning to Key West in 1940 as a lawyer and real-estate man, he is today the city's most influential private citizen. His latest venture is *Aerovías "Q"*, the local airline to Havana, in which he holds a substantial interest.

A further boost was given to the island in 1939 when the government reopened the naval station. During the Second World War, it was an important Caribbean patrol base. Since then, and forty million dollars later, it has become a permanent training school for submarine and anti-submarine warfare, largely because the authorities finally realized, perhaps for the first time, that fewer hours are lost here due to unfavorable weather than at any other station in the United States. Today local skies resound with the hiss of jets, the rhythm of helicopter engines, and the roar of patrol bombers. A new industry was also established in 1949 when a fisherman named John Salvadore discovered rich shrimp beds in the Dry Tortugas, sixty miles west of here. Luckless in the daytime, Salvadore, who had been prospecting for new sources of fish, let down his nets one night and brought up hundreds of large, fine-flavored, pink shrimp. Now five hundred shrimp boats prowl the local waters at the height of the season. Turtling also remains a steady and picturesque Key West institution. The crawls are filled to capacity with the marine reptiles awaiting conversion to soup at the local cannery or to steak at the markets. Deep-sea fishing is thriving. Each evening curious throngs crowd the sidewalks ringing Garrison Bight to examine the catches brought in by sportsmen for a fee of fifty dollars a day for boat, captain, and mate.

But although Key West is tasting the fruits of success, to many an old-timer the flavor is bitter. The old town



San Carlos Institute on Duval Street is example of local Cuban flavor. Bottom floor houses republic's consulate, movie house



Luxurious motels like this one add to tourist comfort. But too many of them plus drive-ins threaten island's natural charm

has suddenly become too small for the strangers flocking through it. The navy, in fact, has pumped up marl from the sea to build additional land for its installations. And over what was formerly an esthetic escapist retreat hangs a pall of commercialism and Philistinism. For example, the Cuban coffee shops are disappearing. Up until a few years ago, all local chit-chat took place there over frequent small cups. Mainland morality, too, has imposed

(Continued on page 48)



TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE

"DO YOU APPROVE of the jury system?" Recently Rotary International's Spanish-language monthly *Revista Rotaria* put this question to two prominent members of the organization, one Brazilian, one Chilean. As reprinted here, both replies are considerably condensed. An emphatic affirmative was registered by Brazilian Senator Aloysio de Carvalho Filho, a former professor of penal law:

"As delinquency increases almost everywhere—and is made more serious by the number of repeaters and juvenile delinquents—the enemies of the jury system again speak up, ever more loudly, charging that it is largely responsible.

"Looking at the problem dispassionately, one's first observation would be that the jury is merely one part of the complex machinery that society operates as a defense against delinquents. What ails the machine is not the failure of this specific part but rather the (so to speak) over-all ineffectuality of society's methods.

"We, the judges, legislators, and jurists of today, could free ourselves from the charge of negligence and ineptness by pointing out that ever since the most primitive group of men first defined an offense, and provided punishment for it, mankind has never ceased to attribute a penalty to whatever was considered a crime according to the prevalent criterion. Crime has existed unfailingly throughout history.

"If the blame is to be laid exclusively on the institutions that man has been creating, altering, or radically

changing over the years, then of course a good share of this blame must be placed on the jury system. . . .

"But it is no less certain that in some criminal cases no other kind of trial can replace the trial by jury. In some cases, for after all, to extend the jurisdiction of lay judges to all crimes would be quite contrary to those scientific foundations upon which penal justice should be built and is slowly being built.

"In fact, no one nowadays would recommend trial by jury for most crimes—that is, for crimes free of peculiarities or social repercussions, or for those in which evidence cannot be obtained except through technical methods outside the realm of a jury of private citizens.

"As I have often said, the jury system is a method of judging by human criteria crimes that, owing to circumstances unforeseen in the law or not susceptible to written rules, are not suited to fixed or isolated judgment but come under the jurisdiction of society as a whole. It is, therefore, trial by the community, based on contemporary moral patterns, either in agreement with the written law or in temporary disagreement with it.

"In those terms, which are the true terms psychologically as well as sociologically and legally, the jury must be considered necessary because it is irreplaceable.

"What should be done, then, in all honesty, is to adapt the jury system to present-day circumstances—to reform it without damaging its autonomy, to rehabilitate it whenever advisable.

"Such was the task begun more than twenty years ago by the Jury

Tribunal of the Brazilian capital. . . . Nowadays the jury system in Rio de Janeiro deals out many more convictions than before; there is no longer any meaning whatever to the charge often leveled at it, that it was nothing but an 'acquittal factory.'

"No wonder, then, that a journalist who served on a jury in 1950 later wrote: 'It was therefore a pleasure to verify personally that a democratic institution formerly associated with ill-advised sentences has achieved such progress. Impunity has become practically impossible if the necessary evidence has been produced. . . . Society finds in [the jury] an efficient means of defense.' Around the same time another citizen who had just served as a juror for the first time admitted to newsmen that from what he was able to see he was convinced that if allowed to function perfectly, a jury was less likely to commit an injustice than any other human court. Those two recent testimonials deserve to be stressed, as they both came from people . . . free of the prejudices and distortions of thought that long professional practice usually produces. . . .

"There is no doubt that in countries where the jury system has survived in its classic form the people like it and rely on it more, perhaps, than on professional judges. . . . That was why Louis Proal . . . praised its independence as 'the safest guarantee of individual and political liberty.' All who recommend it for the same reason know, from the teachings of history, that whenever public freedoms are suppressed or restricted, the jury is inevitably affected by the very lack of freedom and can't do its duty fully. . . .

"[The ups and downs of the jury system in Brazilian history] are the vicissitudes of an institution that has always been a part of our political and legal evolution. Actually, it was there even before Brazil's independence, used then for trying libel and other cases involving the press. To that system, later discontinued, we returned in 1934, when a decree promulgated in connection with freedom of the press created a 'special court,' replacing the single judges. In each case it was made up of a trial judge who must have been present during preparation of the case, plus four citizens whose names were drawn from the county's jury list.

"Experience seems to justify the preservation of such a mixed body; and the forthcoming Press Act now before Congress follows the same lines. It is worth remembering that the National Newspapermen's Congress, gathered in São Paulo in 1949, tacitly concurred in this trend, since none of the amendments it deemed advisable was aimed at changing the 'little tribunal.' The Brazilian Press Association also agreed substantially in its proposed draft for the same bill. Thus Brazilian journalists . . . themselves prefer to be judged by laymen.

"More recently, the federal government itself sent a message to the Congress requesting stricter punishment of 'crimes against the people's economy' and suggesting that such cases be heard by the common jury; it seemed 'more logical' to the government to have these men tried by their 'victims'—that is, the people, represented by the jury.

"All agree, perhaps, with the opinion handed down by Mr. Costa Manso, retired Supreme Court Justice, who thinks that lay courts, if well organized, 'will be in a better position to mete out justice than the trial judge' because 'in reaching his verdict the juror follows his conscience, thus defending society from harmful elements and protecting the good from the rigors of the law.'

"This function of individualizing punishment, carried out empirically by the jury even before written law had proclaimed the healthy principle, is not accomplished so objectively or adequately by any other organ of

justice. Therein lies its past glory and, despite criticism and opposition, its present merit.

"Thus I understand the valuable statement of Professor Edwin Sutherland of Indiana University in his *Principles of Criminology*. Giving an impressive picture of the disrepute into which criminal law has fallen in U.S. public opinion, the great sociologist concludes that the tendency is still to retain the jury, as long as its work can be improved by, for example, reducing the number of jurors and giving the judge more freedom in selecting them.

"All this goes to show that the deep, sometimes violent, controversy does not reveal a crisis that might doom the jury system, but rather one of many aspects of the general crisis in criminal justice. Stanciu describes criminal justice as walled in, insensitive to ideas, afraid of innovations, and, in his opinion, in the same situation denounced by Ferri seventy years ago, when he compared the person tried in a criminal court to a live mannequin on whom the judge pins the number of the penal-law article.

"Therefore, why not rehabilitate and improve the jury where necessary, in order to keep this irreplaceable tool for the granting of humane justice?"

From his experience as judge, teacher, and practicing attorney, Chilean Luis Evaristo Arancibia A. asserts

with equal vigor that "the jury cannot successfully act in judging criminal cases":

"The reason for this lies in the nature of our peoples, in their rather violent and impassioned behavior, in their constant disposition to look for any possible justification for a given act. We are very much inclined to bestow our mercy easily, without measuring the consequences. We pass quickly from hatred to pardon, not weighing the facts themselves but putting ourselves in the other fellow's place. . . .

"A criminal trial is a profoundly delicate matter, laying great responsibility on those taking part; it cannot be left to individuals who will conduct it precipitately, without realizing what they are doing. Facing the judge is a defendant, but earlier there have been one or many victims, and later public opinion awaits a verdict that will leave everyone with a sense of firmness, rectitude, and appropriate punishment.

"Let us see how the jury is chosen. Commonly, from electoral lists or municipal or neighborhood tax records, selected by chance or with a view to a given official or political position. Luck cannot take the place of law. I have never seen, in the functioning of juries, anything but a spectacle, in which everyone involved seemed to be acting a part. . . .

"The method of forming a jury does not facilitate choice of the most competent, cultured, and thoughtful in a way that would amply insure serene judgment and cautious reflection. In each case the jury looks only at the externals, and it seems to me that there is always a marked tendency to protect the offender, who, duly coached by his counsel, invites and incites mercy and disregard of his act.

"The surface quality of objectivity can lead to the gravest errors. In justice, the fact and the law cannot be separated. Good sense and experience alone are not enough to decide the points of fact submitted to examination; the proper education is necessary. . . .

"I prefer the judge in the privacy of his office, proceeding quietly and methodically, free of pressure. A judge of law is fitted by his legal knowledge, his technical or scientific study, his



New York monthly Art News features ninth-century Tiahuanaco (Peru) tapestry to illustrate article on textile show "Two Thousand Years of Tapestry Weaving." Organized by Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum, exhibit also appeared at Baltimore Museum of Art

training in discipline, to conduct the complexities of a trial properly and precisely. . . . The case is presented to him with all the background information the police have collected, the defendant, the material evidence, and the list of eyewitnesses. He starts the proceedings, which are carried out in secret—thus facilitating the investigation and guaranteeing that the statements are unrehearsed—conducts the trial with the proper discernment, and takes the pertinent measures; the accused himself is personally protected, knows the charges and the trial proceedings, and has the opportunity to defend himself. He has greater assurance of an equitable verdict appropriate to his act.

"I cannot understand how a jury can digest a clinical trial in which there is any oddity, mental illness, or other circumstance about the defendant that demands technical examination, or the many cases that require moving cautiously or taking sufficient time to avoid error.

"Each offender is a special case requiring analysis from every angle. Many times the inquiry should be directed toward points that could not be publicly discussed without serious damage to the honor and prestige of many people, or exposing them to comment ill-suited to the respect they deserve.

"I do not believe that the accused himself can appear to advantage in a public trial, since his life, with all its miseries and meannesses, is pawed over with genuine fury, to no good end. Nor is the public interest well served by these courts, which only give an occasion for scandal and for satisfying mere curiosity or the desire for entertainment. . . .

"I have spoken with judges of long experience who have observed the functioning of juries in other countries, and all agree that they have failed, that their decision is not conclusive. The present Minister of the Chilean Supreme Court, . . . Franklin Quesada, expounded this belief in the press on his return from the United States. In an article I possess [the late] Rafael Escallón, . . . an eminent Colombian public figure, recognizes that in some countries, and among not a few men of science, a trend in favor

of abolishing the jury is becoming stronger day by day and has pushed the jury's partisans back to the fortress—almost invulnerable, to be sure—of what the institution undeniably represents as a guarantee of political liberty. . . .

"Even from the lawyer's position, the system has little to recommend it. His role as a defender is not edifying. In defense of his client and his reputation, he is often constrained to adopt measures neither appropriate nor praiseworthy. [He] is converted into one more actor playing his assigned role, which often ignores the heart of the matter and bars [logic and reason] in favor of the exploitation of emotion. Courtroom activity is limited to the skilled debater, of great presence and unlimited resources featuring oratory, brilliance, gestures, and quick, shrewd moves. Excluded is the professional who is studious but not exhibitionistic, sparing or slow of words, whose talents work best in the privacy of his office, in calm, thorough study of the documents in whose pages he seeks the truth.

"Neither do the jurors themselves enjoy the proper independence, though they may claim the contrary. They are overwhelmed and pressured by the arguments of the prosecuting . . . and defense attorneys, by the sympathy-seeking accused, and by the silent but effective participation of a public seeking to direct the jury toward its own sentiments. . . .

"Perhaps countries of proven experience and a high level of education united with habits of serenity and calm deliberation, such as England and the United States, can offer proof of the advantages of the jury, but there too defects have been found of sufficient gravity to invite the idea of modifying or doing away with it. The jury as an institution is declining in France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. . . .

"While I admit that there are many arguments in favor of the jury system, and that eminent penologists bring solid reasons to its defense, I must insist that it has more defects than advantages. Perhaps with progress . . . adequate substitutes for judges of law will be found, but nothing will convince me that a criminal trial will be more likely to uncover the truth or

pass the right sentence when left to a jury than when entrusted to a judge. In this way alone are the rights of the accused, his counsel, and society guaranteed."



Reassurance from Brazil's famed cartoon nuisance: "All right, Francisco, I'll go and call the police. I'll be back inside of two hours."—O Cruzeiro, Rio de Janeiro

"JOHNSON IN SKIRTS"

IN THE FAIRY TALE, the ugly duckling became a swan and lived happily ever after. In real life, suggests Brazilian novelist and literary critic Lúcia Miguel Pereira in the Rio daily *Correio da Manhã*, the transformation is not always such a blessing:

"Which is more useful for people in general and writers in particular—praise or criticism? Whether obstacles are sources of encouragement or of discouragement depends, undoubtedly, on individual temperament. Initial acclaim can make or break an author, either giving him much-needed self-confidence or corrupting forever his naturalness, his authenticity.

"While searching for data on Fanny Burney, I again became convinced of the hazards involved in excessive praise. Even in England, very few people nowadays read the works of this woman who was so famous in her day that she won the nickname 'Johnson in skirts.' Her first book, *Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance Into the World*, constituted a literary event in London in the last quarter of

the eighteenth century. I read it a long time ago with great delight, with that pleasure one experiences in one's twenties on getting acquainted with lively, stirring stories. Ever since I have preserved a soft spot for the author, a sort of Cinderella whose gifts unexpectedly made her one of the queens of her day. Indeed, as a rather plain, extremely nearsighted, short, thin, and—probably owing to all this—incurably shy girl, Fanny, who lost her mother when she was nine and was raised by a stepmother, must have been unable to assert herself even in her own home. At least that is what one gathers from the fact that while her two elder sisters went to school in France—gifted girls who later shone in their father's parlor by playing duets on the piano—she herself stayed at home, studying rather haphazardly, withdrawn into herself, her one school being her father's library.

"Charles Burney, the father who thus neglected his daughter, was nevertheless a sensitive and intelligent man, a musician and a cultured person, whose friends were the very best people—Reynolds the painter, Garrick the actor, and Dr. Johnson himself, who always came with his majestic friend Mrs. Thrale. All the celebrities of the moment, whether Englishmen or foreigners in transit through London, used to call and sit in that parlor where the little girl, forgotten by everybody, would hide silently and listen.

"Everybody" is an exaggeration: there *was* someone who took an interest in her, perhaps because of the similarity in their situations. Samuel Crisp, an unsuccessful playwright, was also, in his own way, one of life's foundlings. A deep friendship soon developed between the elderly dramatist, a cultured man of good taste, and the adolescent, eager to learn and probably also eager for sympathy and affection. To him, whom she called 'daddy,' Fanny would show the diary she had been keeping for quite some time—she was to write in it for seventy-two years—and also, later, the novels she had planned. Crisp advised her, chose her reading matter, made himself her guide, companion, confidant. Nobody guessed at the true nature of the secrets they shared; otherwise, the chances are the gentle-

man would have been told to stay away from the Burneys' parlor, for Fanny's literary pursuits so horrified her stepmother that she forced the girl to burn her manuscripts.

"But vigilance, no matter how strict, can never be perfect, and, with her friend's complicity, Fanny managed to publish the three volumes of *Evelina* anonymously when she was twenty-six. The anonymity doubtless aroused the readers' curiosity, and the book soon became the object of literary discussions. It was commented upon in every circle, including the Burneys'. It was attributed to Horace Walpole, compared to Fielding's and Richardson's best novels. Reynolds and Burke admitted to having read it straight through the night, unable to put it down before finding out what finally happened to the heroine. Dr. Johnson himself said that Richardson would have feared *Evelina's* author, and so would Fielding, for in all their works there is nothing comparable to certain passages in *Evelina* . . .

"It was Mrs. Thrale, Johnson's friend, who somehow managed to break into Fanny's silence and thus find out the truth and relay it to the Burneys. Instead of the censure she had feared, Fanny found herself suddenly acclaimed even at home. All at once everyone became aware of her existence and importance. At first she trembled, stammered, nearly cried when they complimented her, and nobody could understand how that frail and sweet little woman could have in-

vented so many striking characters. The theater being the great attraction of the day, they urged her to write a comedy, which she did; but Crisp, always clear-thinking, read the originals and condemned them. Fanny agreed unhesitatingly; despite her fame, she still respected her old adviser. His influence, however, was already losing ground to another's: that of Johnson, the famed critic of that time, whose precious solemnity caused Fanny's greatest gift to evaporate—her lively, spontaneous graciousness.

"Acclaimed by the literary and by the worldly, the young woman gave up her tranquil mode of living, and changed to such an extent that she took the position of lady in waiting to Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, and proceeded to live in courtly etiquette. She continued to write, but none of her later books ever approached the qualities of *Evelina*. She had become heavy-handed, acquired Johnson's faults without his virtues. When he died, and then Crisp, she drifted even further, became dazzled by the intricacy of Ossianic poems, and indulged in the most tearful romantic sentimentality.

"Of the shy little girl who did nothing but watch and listen to the people in her father's parlor, and later built them up into powerful characters, nothing was left in the grown-up woman who forty years later married a French immigrant, Alexandre d'Arbley, and went on writing books that supported them both. Only her diary preserved vestiges of her early vivaciousness; in it she remained faithful to herself, for it was not meant to be read publicly. In the rest of her work she made concessions to the critics and the public, in an attempt to please, to maintain the popularity gained by her first book. When Walter Scott visited her—she was seventy-six then—he found an amiable, smiling woman, sure of herself and of her victory over the restless and introverted adolescent, thanks to whom she had become famous. . . . But the few remaining admirers of Fanny Burney will remember the evasive and ephemeral little figure. Once it became a swan, the ugly duckling lost its spontaneity, probably its best gift."

First prize in sculpture at University of San Marcos' First Plastic Arts Salon went to Joaquín Roca Rey's Blue Head. Prizewinners were featured in Peruvian art publication Espacio, founded last year



OAS

FOTO FLASHES



A significant signing took place at the Pan American Union recently when Haiti deposited three instruments of ratification of conventions involving political asylum, privileges, and immunities. By doing so, the Caribbean republic joined two other nations, Costa Rica and Ecuador, in agreement on specific conditions under which asylum will be granted to political refugees as well as what privileges and immunities are to be enjoyed by PAU officials. Witnessing OAS Ambassador Joseph L. Déjean's signature are (from left, seated) Peruvian OAS Ambassador Juan Bautista de Lavalle and OAS Secretary General Dr. Alberto Lleras. Standing (from left): OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger, Haiti's OAS interim representative Yvan Désinor, and Dr. Manuel Canyes of the PAU international law department.

As the OAS Council looked over an agenda, AMERICAS' photographer peeked in and came away with a shot of a typical meeting. Grouped around the table were some of the Hemisphere's top officials in the midst of discussing such varied subjects as establishing a mixed OAS-UNESCO committee, inter-American copyright, and financial statements in connection with maintenance of the Pan American Union.



In a ceremony at Washington's Mayflower Hotel, former OAS Ambassador Gonzalo Güell of Cuba, now his country's Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs, decorated Mexican OAS Ambassador Luis Quintanilla with the Great Cross of the Order of Honor and Merit "Lanuza" for eminent services in the field of law. The award is named for González Lanuza, noted jurist and one time dean of the Cuban School of Law.

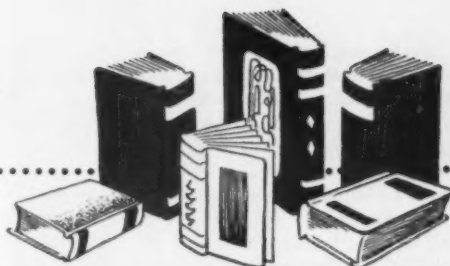


At the recent Pan American Union exhibition of the works of Nicaraguan painter Alejandro Alonso-Rochi, Venezuelan OAS Ambassador Dr. René Lépervanche Parparcén (second from left) walked from the receiving line in a gay mood. Greeting him were (from left) Major Juan J. Rodríguez, Nicaraguan military attaché, Mrs. René de Schick, wife of the Counselor of the Nicaraguan Embassy, and Dr. Schick. The occasion gave Dr. Lépervanche and other distinguished guests the opportunity of viewing for the first time in the United States the oils of this artist noted for his interpretation of flowers.

When José López del Castillo of the Philippines (second from left), chief of the research and bibliography division of Manila's Bureau of Public Libraries, visited the Pan American Union, he received a hearty welcome from three members of the Department of Cultural Affairs, for whose *Review of Inter-American Bibliography* he is corresponding editor in his native land. Welcoming him were Dr. Anibal Sánchez Reulet, chief of the PAU division of philosophy, letters, and sciences; *Review* editor Dr. Maury A. Bromsen; and assistant *Review* editor Dr. José E. Vargas Salas.



BOOKS



"THE RIVALS"—SPANISH STYLE

José Nucete Sardi

IT MAY SEEM AUDACIOUS of me to try to complete a work begun by Andrés Bello. However, there are some extenuating circumstances. First, it is done with the intention of paying homage to Bello; second, the work to be finished was not an original manuscript but a translation and adaptation of an English comedy, Richard Brinsley Sheridan's *The Rivals*. Bello completed his version of half the play. Continuing the translation offered no great difficulties, since the English original was at hand. But carrying on the process of adaptation required more caution. Bello left no directions, and to make the new part fit with what had already been adapted, it was constantly necessary to inquire as to Bello's exact intentions. But who was there to ask? The only possible course was to study the plan he had developed in his unfinished manuscript and follow the English text within the framework of that plan.

To facilitate production of the play in his community and in his own time, when resources were very limited, Bello eliminated characters and combined roles. In doing so, he was exercising good taste, for Sheridan himself cut the play after the unsuccessful first performance. The author was thus reacting to his audience's feelings—a reaction different from George Bernard Shaw's many years later. On that occasion, Shaw's producers in New York requested him to shorten a play because the performances extended beyond the hour when the last trains left, keeping customers away. The playwright opportunely and telegraphically replied: "Postpone the departure of the trains."

Bello did not limit himself to shortening the play and decapitating characters. He also transferred the scene from England to Spain. Thus he not only translated the comedy to the Spanish language but also Hispanified its setting and the names of the characters. The essence of the work loses nothing in the process, for one of its aims is to point out the ridiculous aspects that appear in mankind everywhere: the character who talks and talks, thinking he always speaks well; the duel; deceptions arising from false appearances, and the resulting comic situations; the false concept of honor. Everything the author castigated remains castigated in Bello's adaptation. The spirit of the work is unchanged, even though Bello reconstructed some scenes in order to make his own version more logical. The final draft of the English original consisted of five acts, which are reduced to four in the adaptation. Bello

completed his work up to the beginning of the second scene of the third act.

Even though Sheridan shortened his own text, it was still long because of a triple amorous intrigue. Bello leaves out some details, and combines the rest into a single case, more sharply presented: the lady and three admirers, one of whom uses various names, and the beginnings of an intrigue, through a mistake, between the heroine's aunt and one of the three suitors, which makes the tangle all the more amusing. The aunt, in the adaptation as in the English original, is a very comical character—a type found in any society, in any country—with her insolent tongue and her elaborate words, almost always grotesquely misused. This is the Mrs. Malaprop of the original, whose name was the source of the expression "malapropism."



Andrés Bello began translation of Sheridan's *The Rivals*

In the adaptation the original twelve characters are reduced to eight and, as we have seen, the use of various names by one of the characters, which further complicates the plot, is preserved in the Spanish version.

There is another extenuating circumstance for my boldness. The Committee for the Publication of Bello's Works, which will include in its official volumes only the part translated and adapted by Don Andrés; wanted the work completed so that it could be performed in honor of Bello, and requested my cooperation. I had my doubts about the idea, but the cordial persuasion of those who entrusted the job to me overcame them. Moreover, Carlos Pi Sunyer, who has been collaborating on various projects connected with Venezuelan history and literature from his residence in London, sent notes and suggestions that greatly facilitated the work. I want to thank the committee for the confidence it showed in me

and Dr. Pi Sunyer for his very valuable assistance.

So the spirit of the original text and Bello's orientation—reducing the plot to its essentials, leaving no time for it to decay into long speeches and dragging situations, thus intensifying the action—are preserved.

The English text of *The Rivals* that I used in continuing the translation is the edition published by Walter H. Baker of Boston in 1896. The play was performed at Covent Garden, London, in 1775, in New York in 1786 and 1792, in Boston in 1846, and in other U.S. cities in 1896, not to mention many more recent revivals.

The playwright's father, Tom Sheridan, was a friend of Garrick's, and the author was twenty-four when his play was first performed. According to the critics of the time, the exuberant piece had enough material for two comedies. The first performance, nevertheless, was a failure, largely through the fault of one of the leading actors. With the second performance the play's success began, and the author continued to make changes to suit the taste of the audience.

In the original, the action takes place in Bath, an old English city full of Roman ruins, and the costumes and settings were contemporary when the play was written (1775). In the adaptation, the scene is Valencia, Spain, in the time of the Cortes of Cádiz, so the costumes and decorations are of the period 1808 to 1812.

Like Shaw an Irishman, Sheridan was born in Dublin in 1751. He led a romantic life and wrote a number of other successful plays, including *St. Patrick's Day*, *The Duenna* (a comic opera, which achieved seventy-five performances in its first season), *The School for Scandal*, *The Critic*, and *Pizarro*. He also adapted Vanbrugh's *The Relapse* and served as director at Drury Lane and other theaters.

In 1780 Sheridan became a member of Parliament, allied with Charles James Fox, and he held the position of undersecretary for foreign affairs and other government posts. He had a reputation as a fine orator and once spoke for five hours in Parliament, on the matter of the princesses of Oude and the impeachment of Warren Hastings. As manager of the trial, he delivered a memorable four-day speech in Westminster Hall. When the French Revolution was attacked in the English Parliament, Sheridan supported the principle of non-intervention. Later, however, he became an enemy of Napoleon. When he lost his seat in the Commons, he found himself pursued by creditors. The "British Molière" died on July 7, 1816, seven days before his friend Miranda, the Venezuelan who belongs to the world.

Sheridan and Miranda were of the same generation, for Miranda was just a year older than the playwright. They were both in London during the years when the forerunner of Spanish-American independence was preparing his plans and presenting them to the English politicians.

Probably Bello met Sheridan personally at some affair in Miranda's house, for Miranda's friends in the city and all the South Americans who came to London made it a favorite gathering place. Miranda put his large library at the disposal of the Venezuelan dele-

gates of 1810—Bolívar, López Méndez, and Bello—and there Don Andrés became acquainted with the English author's works. Probably Bello got the idea of translating Sheridan when he saw some of his plays performed in London. But not until much later, in Chile, when he could devote himself more tranquilly to intellectual labors, did he begin to carry it out. In Santiago he had time to think back over the many conversations on political and literary subjects he had had with Miranda in the library of the house on Grafton Street, to recall the curious books they had pored over together, and to work on many projects dating from those days.

In his book *Las Primeras Representaciones Dramáticas en Chile*, published in 1888, Miguel Luis Amunátegui spoke extensively of Bello's work as a drama critic and his part in stimulating theatrical activity and elevating the taste of actors and the public. He quoted whole paragraphs of Bello's theater articles published in *El Araucano* and maintained that he was the founder of theater criticism in Chile. In the same book Amunátegui included a part of the translation and adaptation of *The Rivals*, but he erroneously described it as a comedy written by Bello during his stay in London under the title *Una Posada en Valencia* (*An Inn in Valencia*). Bello may have put this title on his adaptation, but in any event Amunátegui did not realize that it was a version of Sheridan's play. We know that Don Andrés also translated other theater pieces, including Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin* (*The Cheats of Scapin*), of which version we have only one act, *Thérèse* by Alexandre Dumas, fils, and a work by Byron.

Andrés Bello walked all the paths of learning, incarnating the highest culture of his day. He is still America's Teacher. It is my hope that publicizing this work, which he left unfinished and which I have devotedly continued, may help to do him the homage Venezuela and America owe him.

VOICES OF NICARAGUA

A NEW POETRY SERIES published in Managua, called *Colección Poesía de América* and subtitled *El Hilo Azul* (*The Blue Thread*), offers two volumes of the work of Nicaraguan poets. One is a selection of Alfonso Cortés' verse, the other a new contribution by Fernando Silva.

The Cortés volume, *30 Poemas de Alfonso*, has been arranged by Ernesto Cardenal. Three other books of Cortés' poetry have appeared since 1927, the year in which he was officially declared insane. But then, what poet is really of this world? Cardenal calls Cortés' work "metaphysical poetry, perhaps the only truly metaphysical poetry there is in Spanish, obsessed primarily by the problems of Space and Time, with many words in Capitals and with lines strangely cut off; an abnormal, obscure, enigmatic, paradoxical, contradictory, absurd poetry, in a world suspended in a sort of ecstasy, impregnated with sensations that are as abstract and intangible as the ether." In these thirty poems we capture the essence of this spirit that is the prisoner of a double nostalgia, under the light of what the poet calls "the cruel unconscious angelus."

Fernando Silva's book, *Barro en la Sangre* (*Earth in the Blood*), well deserves a place in this collection. Here is a poet whose spirit and language are deeply embedded in his land and its air. He has built a personal language, combining the madrigal and the succinct epigram. We are surprised by his originality, his naked cry, and his warm human tenderness. He is a mestizo who speaks out in the open, without complications. Each poem has unity. Silva does not resort to folklore, rather it comes to him, enriching his poetry. He breaks rhythms and meters, then returns to consonance, as if he wanted to write with the tone of good prose. What interests him is to speak like most of his people, using their idioms—*volveme a ver* for "see me again," *comprame a mí* for "buy from me"—or words of pre-Columbian origin, such as *malinche* (name of a flowering tree), *zanate* (a bright-colored bird), and *cabuya* (the agave plant or fiber). The landscape of his poetry shines with the smooth, sometimes intense light of the American tropics, somewhat reminiscent of that which discreetly illuminates the poems of José Olivares. His tone is so simple, so diaphanous, that he seems to be using "everyday things." For leitmotifs he takes his country's birds, guitars, fishermen, roads that don't know where to go, above all, the Indians. But his unconventional approach, his way of speaking, reveal a mind in creative motion. He is the opposite of those versifiers who do not head in any direction and who believe that in poetry there is room for everything that will go in a basket, even what is observed without purpose or what would be inadmissible in an intimate letter. Here lies the charm of this book that brings from Nicaragua a message of clarity and love.

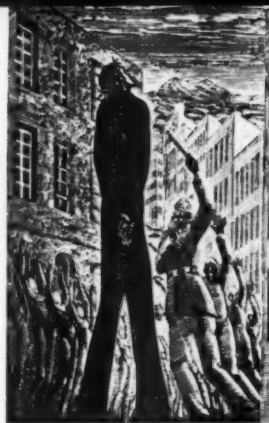
In addition to these two volumes, the new collection has published an anthology of poems about Abraham Lincoln, *El Lincoln de los Poetas*, and is planning to bring out selections from Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, Archibald MacLeish, Pablo Antonio Cuadra, Jorge de Lima, and T. S. Eliot.—*Rafael Heliodoro Valle* 30 POEMAS DE ALFONSO, edited by Ernesto Cardenal. Managua, Nicaragua, Colección Poesía de América, El Hilo Azul (postal address: Apartado 206), 1952. 43 p. \$1.00

BARRO EN LA SANGRE, by Fernando Silva. Managua, Nicaragua, Colección Poesía de América, El Hilo Azul, 1952. 32 p. \$1.00

MAN AND THE ANDES

BOLIVIAN Fernando Diez de Medina gives us *Libro de los Misterios*, a Book of Mysteries—the Mystery of the Emblems, the Mystery of the Star-Child, the Mystery of the Rose of Light. Man's life is a sphere, says Señor Diez de Medina; orange-like, it has a tender pulp and a bitter rind, and "from the internal geometry of the sphere life flows forth like music."

This small volume is not drama nor poem nor essay, though it partakes of the nature of all three. Deriving somewhat from Plato and somewhat from Claudel, it is nonetheless infused, in its author's highly distinctive style, with his own highly creative imagination. Like all



Woodcut by Victor Delhez, from *Libro de los Misterios*

Fernando Diez de Medina's work, *Libro de los Misterios* achieves universal significance against Andean backgrounds; backgrounds which throw into strong relief the perennially amazing phenomenon of the spiritual courage of frail man adrift in the world's vastness. The material is well adapted to the vibrant precision of the author's style.

The eleven woodcuts, closely akin to the text in feeling, are by the Belgian artist Victor Delhez.

Libro de los Misterios follows by a year *Nayjama*, the memorable introduction to Andean mythology that won Fernando Diez de Medina Bolivia's National Prize for Literature in 1950 and that has been characterized as "the bible of the younger generation in Bolivia." The present work, though slighter than its predecessor in concept and performance, confirms the previous general critical acceptance of Diez de Medina as one of the most accomplished contemporary prose stylists of the Americas. Both *Nayjama* and *Libro de los Misterios* are the work of a writer whose profound conviction it is that "Indian America, Mestizo America, is the hope for a better human race."—*Muna Lee*

LIBRO DE LOS MISTERIOS, by Fernando Diez de Medina. La Paz, Bolivia, Editorial Don Bosco, 1951. 131 p. Illus. NAYJAMA, by Fernando Diez de Medina. La Paz, Bolivia, Gisbert & Cía., 1950. 194 p. Illus.

"The Inca's Gallows" on Lake Titicaca, where Andean mythology begins for Diez de Medina. In *Nayjama* he writes: "They say that Nayjama is the prophet of the Indian people. The one who wanted to change the sadness of the multitudes into a hymn of hope and joy. The dreamer, the precursor. He who spoke unveiled truth, because to understand is to suffer. There is seeding of eternity above, and seeding of eternity below. And here, on the plane where we are, although everything seems to join forces against him, Nayjama, sensing the new times to come, raises his eyes to the infinite Milky Way and says to America, like the Indian, 'Lakampu-Jahuira'—'There shall be a River of Stars.' And thus ends of the book of Nayjama."



EMBASSY ROW



Ecuadorian Ambassador to the OAS Alfonso Moscoso lives with his wife and five children in a comfortable suburban home. The family has lived in Washington since 1949, when Dr. Moscoso was appointed Minister Counselor Plenipotentiary.



Bernardo, aged two, is the family's youngest.

Eldest daughter Gloria often calls on her father for help with arithmetic homework. She finds her ballet lessons more fun.



Mrs. Moscoso—sister of Ecuador's President Galo Plaza—superintends nine-year-old Alegria's piano practice.



AUTONOMY FOR PUERTO RICO (Continued from page 5)

could be devoted to a far more difficult problem: how to feed, clothe, and house a population crowded on a little island with practically no resources.

The election results were decisive:

Popular Democratic Party	392,386
Coalition Parties:	
Liberal	29,140
Socialist	64,396
Statehood	89,441
Independence Party	182,977
	65,351

The Popular Democrats received sixty-one per cent of the votes cast, and won all but two seats in the Senate and all but one in the House. In the face of this, the U.S. Congress in 1950 approved Public Law 600, introduced by the Resident Commissioner. Fully recognizing the principle of government by consent, it authorized the people of Puerto Rico to frame their own constitution. The only limitations imposed were that the document should provide a republican form of government, include a bill of rights, conform to the applicable provisions of the U.S. Constitution, and not be contrary to the Statute of Federal Relations.

On the island, the process advanced successfully through three more stages: first, in an island-wide referendum the people decided by a majority of three to one that they did in fact want such a status; second, delegates were elected to a constitutional convention, which finished its work in February 1952, approving the text by a vote of eighty-eight to three; and finally, the completed document was submitted to the people in another referendum. They accepted it by a majority of four to one.

The United States has entered into a "compact" relinquishing, among other things, its right to annul, amend, or suspend any law approved by the legislature of Puerto Rico, at least as far as it can be relinquished under the federal Constitution. The question of interfering with local laws will almost certainly never arise, since Congress has never exercised the right in the past, and is much less likely to do so in the future.

When approved, the Constitution will repeal the provisions of the present Organic Act dealing with the organization of government, but the remaining sections of this law will continue in force as the Puerto Rican Federal Relations Act. This declares that Puerto Ricans are citizens of the United States; provides for the application of federal laws in Puerto Rico as in the United States, with the notable exception of the tax laws; creates a federal court for the District of Puerto Rico; establishes the position of Resident Commissioner to the United States; and continues the provisions of the law of 1900, which first created the existing economic union between the United States and Puerto Rico.

As might be expected, the new Puerto Rican Constitution closely resembles its United States counterpart, with many articles showing the influence of modern Latin American experience. The ninety-two delegates worked in ten committees. With the help of research workers from the University of Puerto Rico, they thoroughly

explored the field of constitutional law, studying the texts of all the constitutions of the world, including those of the forty-eight states. Taking advantage of the fifty-five thousand decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court, they were able to spell out many principles that were established in the federal constitutional system only through 160 years of interpretation. In some respects Puerto Rico is perhaps a step ahead. For example, the bill of rights specifically prohibits discrimination "on account of race, color, sex, birth, social origin or condition, or political or religious ideas." No distinction on grounds of color or race, such as separate school systems, has ever been made in practice, so this provision is merely confirmation of custom.

"There shall be complete separation of church and state." This provision is not taken from the text of the U.S. Constitution, but seems to express the essence of the Supreme Court cases on the subject. However, the state may furnish "non-educational services established by law for the protection or welfare of children," regardless of



Oldest section of San Juan from La Fortaleza, governor's palace. People cling to Spanish language and traditions

the school attended. This is designed to anticipate objections like those that have arisen in the United States to the use of public money in providing transportation and health services for church-school pupils, on the grounds that it would violate the principle of separation of church and state. In other words, Puerto Rico considers such expenditure of public funds to be in the interest of the children and not for the support of the schools.

The traditional American civil rights are guaranteed—freedom of speech and religion, due process of law, equal protection of the laws, *habeas corpus*, and so on; in addition a new one: "Wire tapping is prohibited." Trial by jury, a right not previously in the fundamental law of Puerto Rico, is provided for criminal cases only, and conviction may be by a majority of nine, which differs from the federal unanimity rule. Child labor, the subject some years ago of a proposed amendment to the federal

Constitution, is prohibited in harmful or hazardous occupations.

Following Latin American practice, and reflecting the important position occupied by workers on the island, a number of social and economic rights are included, such as the right to equal pay for equal work, a reasonable minimum salary, time and a half for overtime, collective bargaining, and the right to picket and strike. In a separate section, certain "human rights" are recognized: free education through high school; the right to work; the right to social protection during unemployment, sickness, old age, or disability; special care and assistance for mothers and children. Note that such "human rights" are merely *recognized*, not *guaranteed*, and what they really amount to is a pledge by the Commonwealth that they will be implemented as soon as the economy permits.

The judicial, legislative, and executive branches will have substantially the same powers and responsibilities as their counterparts in the states. The Senate is normally composed of twenty-seven members, the House of Representatives of fifty-one, but because of special provisions to ensure substantial representation of minority parties, the number may be considerably increased. In essence, these provisions are intended to make the Legislature reflect voting strength more faithfully. Under the old system there has been little relation between the total votes tallied by a party and the number of its candidates elected. For example, in 1948 the minority parties polled 38.8 per cent of the votes for governor, yet received only 5.2 per cent of the seats in the Legislature (three out of fifty-eight). Under the new system, whenever a majority party elects more than two thirds of the members of the Legislature, the mechanism will operate to elect additional minority members. Applying it to the 1948 results, the total number of legislative seats would have been raised to ninety-four (thirty-one in the Senate, sixty-three in the House), giving the minority parties twenty-nine per cent of them (twenty-eight seats), a far more equitable arrangement. All parties favored the change, even the majority conceding that democracy functions best with effective opposition.

The governor, elected by direct vote for a term of four years, may succeed himself indefinitely, just as the President of the United States could before adoption of the Twenty-second Amendment. To be ousted in impeachment proceedings, he must be indicted by a two-thirds vote in the House and convicted by a three-fourths vote in the Senate; similar proceedings in the U.S. Congress require only a majority vote for impeachment and two thirds for conviction. In this respect the governor will have greater independence from the Legislature, but on the whole he will have less power than under the Organic Act. For one thing, the auditor, now called "controller," will in the future be responsible to the Legislative Assembly instead of to the governor. For another, the governor is no longer backed up by the President of the United States in the veto procedure, and the Legislature can therefore pass laws over his veto and make them stick.

In the future the island's judicial power, which was



Jesús T. Piñero, the first native governor of Puerto Rico

formerly a function of the attorney general, an executive officer, will be a completely independent branch, administered by the Supreme Court of Puerto Rico. Judges are appointed by the governor and cannot be removed, except by impeachment, until the compulsory retirement age of seventy. It is interesting to note that any attempt to "pack" the Supreme Court is disposed of in advance by the provision that the number of justices may be legally changed only upon request of the Court itself. The federal courts of the United States, of course, will continue to have jurisdiction in proper cases; that is,



Traffic jams voting area. More than 700,000 citizens went to the polls to approve autonomy in local affairs four to one

when the issue involves laws of Congress, diversity of citizenship, or a federal constitutional question. Appeals in such cases, as in the past, will be taken to the First Circuit (Boston), and in the last resort to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Supreme Court of the United States has several times decided that Puerto Rico is not "incorporated" and therefore is not a "part of" but only "belongs to" the United States. But in a very real sense the island may now be said to "belong" to the people who live there, and the new relationship will be legislative recognition of that fact. Just what the Commonwealth's technical legal status will be may not be known until litigation arises and the courts rule on the question. Whether it is

a Territory is debatable. Víctor Gutiérrez Franqui, the Attorney General of Puerto Rico, who was recently in Washington, explained that: "In the constitutional sense, Puerto Rico is not a Territory, for the criteria applied to Territories do not fit the case. There are at least the following distinctions: (1) Puerto Rico elects its own governor; (2) internal revenue laws do not apply to Puerto Rico; (3) taxes paid in Puerto Rico on goods shipped to the United States go into the local treasury, and so do customs collected in Puerto Rico on goods coming to the island from foreign ports; (4) the whole government of Puerto Rico is completely under local control, as provided by the locally adopted Constitution, and its expenses are paid out of local revenue; (5) the compact offered in Public Law 600 was sealed in Puerto Rico by the referendum, creating a partnership; and (6) any future changes in the relationship should be adopted bilaterally between the Congress of the United States and the people of Puerto Rico." At any rate, it is clear that in its new status Puerto Rico will be in a class of its own, differing in many important respects from Hawaii, Alaska, Guam, Samoa, and the Virgin Islands. It will have as much local self-government as any of the forty-eight states, and far more than the capital of the United States, whose residents are not only

scarcity of Communists—factors all the more remarkable in view of the widespread poverty.

Puerto Ricans fill a good part of the United States quota on the staff of the Pan American Union, where they are valued employees because of their bi-cultural proclivities. Most agree that the new Constitution is "a good thing," though some have reservations. One said, "It is no solution, but the postponement of a solution. Puerto Ricans should make up their minds *now* what they eventually want to become, so they can start working toward their goal. As it is, we will have to wait another generation, I suppose, to see whether we are fish or fowl." The more usual view was expressed by Dr. Pedro A. Cebollero, formerly dean of the University of Puerto Rico's College of Education and now Chief of the Secondary Education Section of the Pan American Union staff. "The Constitution," he said, "is the best way of giving Puerto Rico a full program of self-government, with a moral guarantee of stability, which we did not have before. We have two advantages: We do not have to shoulder the expenses of statehood, and we do not lose the U.S. market. Without either of these drawbacks, we have complete internal self-government. I don't see why we need to worry about statehood yet. Puerto Rico does not have to get mixed up with national questions. The



San Juan voters mill around a blackboard indicating voting precincts for different areas



Governor Luis Muñoz Marín casts his ballot in the constitutional referendum



Capital's dynamic mayor, Felisa Rincón de Gautier

taxed without a voice in Congress but cannot even elect their own local officials. As to the federal government in Puerto Rico, it is now based on the consent of the islanders themselves, given when they voted for Law 600.

Approval of the Commonwealth status will not, of course, constitute a grant of democracy. If the Congress of the United States could do that, it would undoubtedly be glad to pass a bill at the present session giving it to the whole world. What it will grant is formal recognition that the Puerto Ricans themselves have *achieved* democracy and are entitled to exercise it. They have already demonstrated their political maturity and discipline by their peaceable and free election of capable officials, by the small amount of corruption in government, by the

only advantage of having representatives in Congress would be bargaining power for economic privileges. Puerto Rico has been able to circumvent the difficulties of both Hawaii and Alaska in trying to get statehood, and yet we have all the advantages either would have, even if they are successful."

If Puerto Ricans have in the past felt frustrated, they are now full of optimism, with personal pride in their progress and no grievances against the world. This development cannot fail to enhance the international prestige of the United States as the defender of democracy, for under the island's new status even an opportunistic politician or a local poet could hardly call Puerto Ricans "colonials."

TRUTH IN FICTION

(Continued from page 11)

O sr. tem uma excavação no pulmão esquerdo e o pulmão direito infiltrado.

—Então, doutor, não é possível tentar o pneumotórax? Não. A única coisa a fazer é tocar um tango argentino.

Fever, spitting up blood, labored breathing, and night sweats. The whole life that might have been, and was not. Cough, cough, cough.

He had them call the doctor:

"Say 'thirty-three.'"

"Thirty-three, thirty-three, thirty-three."

"Breathe."

"You have a cavity in the left lung, and the right lung is affected."

"Then, doctor, can't we try a pneumothorax?"

"No. The only thing to do is play an Argentine tango."

That was this generation's earliest attitude—ironical denunciation of disagreeable reality, presented in its most commonplace, everyday aspects. Later comes deliberate destruction of the apparent order, an overthrow of the beautiful and ordered globe that still delighted Edgar Lee Masters, Amy Lowell, the last Spanish modernists, and the symbolists of Brazil and Haiti, in order to express failure and torment, the abandonment of reality. It is the time of Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot, of Mario de Andrade and the Brazilian "anthropophagists," of the Pablo Neruda of *Residencia en la Tierra*. Amado Alonso says in *Poesía y Estilo de Pablo Neruda*: "Our age, in its highest cultural circles, has an ardor for disintegration. . . . This mood of disintegration exists also in the poetry of Pablo Neruda, and this is one of the most significant outlines with which he inscribes himself in the picture of our time. In his poems are amputated hands and feet, hair, nails, machines and parts of machines, common utensils, rubbish, so many things wrested from their place and navigating wildly through this tumultuous river of verse." This is the destruction of reality that Van Wyck Brooks lamented, and that he again bemoans in his most recent book, *The Confident Years: 1886-1915*, using a phrase of Jefferson's to accuse Pound and Eliot of being "traitors to human hope."

A parallel between Eliot and Neruda, the most representative poets of their respective languages at the present moment, reveals important aspects of contemporary man's attitude toward life. Both have expressed the anguish of the man of our time facing the chaos of his society. In the works of both poets it is shown by means of what Leo Spitzer has called "chaotic enumeration"—a chain of images and symbols that beyond its apparent incoherence and arbitrariness points to a profound reality not perceptible by ordinary means of expression. While Spitzer has studied this method in contemporary poets like Neruda and Claudel but not in Eliot, it is one of the most significant aspects of form linking the author of *The Waste Land* and *Ash Wednesday* and the author of *Residencia en la Tierra*. But the parallel is not complete without a study of the profound differences in the sources of the two poetries—traditional and erudite in Eliot; romantic and modernist, with a trace of Quevedo, in

Neruda. This fully reveals the deepest and most noteworthy contrast between them: Eliot's neoscholasticism, culminating in *Four Quartets* (1944), which Stephen Spender considers "have something in common with the Spiritual Exercises of the great mystics," and Neruda's political militancy, which reaffirms in the *Canto General* (1950) the materialistic and combative position he first took in *España en el Corazón* (1937).

The Spanish Civil War (1936-39) and the Second World War, with its retinue of "cold war," Korean war, and bloody tension, make up the experience of the generation of writers who were born after the First World War, who today share the literary scene and anguish with the men of the preceding generation. For, in contrast with the growing certainty and assurance that characterized a Dreiser or a Sherwood Anderson and that may still be found in Baldomero Sanín Cano, Enrique González Martínez, and Alfonso Reyes, most of the masters of critical realism quickly vacillated under the impact of the new circumstances. In the United States, the vivid social protest of John Steinbeck, John Dos Passos, and Erskine Caldwell was diluted into colorless sentimentality. It is the distance between *The Grapes of Wrath* and *The Wayward Bus*; between *U.S.A.* and *My Chosen Country*; between *God's Little Acre* and *Georgia Boy*. The revolutionary writers of academic extraction sought refuge in Trotskyism, which already had such organs of publicity as the *Partisan Review* in the United States and *Babel* in Chile. Some authors made attempts at conciliation between Christianity and Socialism, which at times culminated tragically, as in the case of F. O. Matthiessen. In the Hispanic countries there was a return to Catholic orthodoxy on the part of some poets—the Brazilians Jorge de Lima and Murilo Mendes, the Argentine Francisco Luis Bernárdez, the Cuban Eugenio Florit—and to their names must be added those of younger poets like Robert Lowell and most of the Cuban group that publishes the magazine *Orígenes*.

Still, after the war and amid succeeding conflicts, the young people found themselves possessed by a deep bitterness and total inability to conquer reality. Hence their despair and agony, which they were no more able to overcome than their masters. The attitude of the young people who took part in the war is eloquently expressed in Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*. The post-war attitude is presented with equal eloquence by the



Two wars shook foundations of civilization, produced literature embodying world chaos

dramas of Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller and the novels and short stories of Truman Capote. Tennessee Williams' plays—*The Glass Menagerie*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Summer and Smoke*, and *The Rose Tattoo*—and Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* reveal the futile efforts of a whole generation to conquer dis-



Brazil welcomes home World War II troops. Mood of jubilation soon evaporated

agreeable reality with illusions, and their tragic failure. In the end, reality brutally imposes itself, destroying all the illusions, and there is no way out for Blanche DuBois or for Willy Loman but the insane asylum or suicide. This same conclusion—madness or death—is offered by the works of the best present-day Spanish American dramatist, Rodolfo Usigli: madness in *Corona de Sombras* (*Crown of Shadows*); death in *El Gesticulador* (*The Gesticulator*); both in that nightmare of a Mexican Strindberg that is Usigli's *El Niño y la Niebla* (*The Child and the Fog*).

Madness and sexual aberration serve Truman Capote for silhouetting innocent aspects of daily life against a strange light. From his abuse of surrealistic tricks and morbid characters in *Other Voices*, *Other Rooms*, Capote has been advancing in the direction of simplification of his expression, through the magic adolescence of *A Tree of Night*, culminating, in *The Grass Harp*, in the story of a frustrated effort to restore the world of infancy free of obligations and insanity. John W. Aldridge has accurately pointed out how the life Capote's novels describe is a hothouse product and not a pulsing part of reality, in which the artistic image has developed with a flower-like perfection because it was cultivated in the solitude of the laboratory.

The young writers who call themselves the elite of the present generation have shut themselves up in this laboratory or hothouse isolation, with windows giving on reality but without direct contact. In this isolation, taking fragments of their own individual reality, their anxiety or their hysteria, they build a world of magical reality in which everyday things, illuminated by a halo of hallucination and anguish, wage a sterile fight against their pure corporeality. This is the case with the novels of the Chilean María Luisa Bombal and the stories of

the Argentine Enrique Anderson Imbert, both so close to the world of Truman Capote. (But *Fuga*, Anderson Imbert's latest novelette, is closer to Robert Nathan's *Portrait of Jennie*, without its excess of magic and spiritualism, much more consistent with daily reality.)

More tragic, perhaps, is the eagerness to escape from reality by overcoming it through the effort of the reflective, philosophical mind. Between the pure intellectual game to which Argentina's Jorge Luis Borges dedicates himself with unquestionable mastery, and the theological implications that Eduardo González Lanuza claims to discover in one of Argentine Eduardo Mallea's latest novels, *Los Enemigos del Alma* (*Enemies of the Soul*, 1950), there is a wide field cultivated by younger writers, many of whom bear the mark of Existentialist influence, like the Argentine José Bianco and the Mexican José Revueltas, who is also influenced by William Faulkner.

The worst sin of these writers lies in their having lost sight of the relation existing between the poet and reality, between literature and the society in which it is produced; in wanting to make private hysteria the mold for public disorder; in elevating to the rank of heroes the impotent and the psychopathic; in substituting sterile anxiety and torment without exit or visible enemies for



Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* typifies disillusionment and despair of postwar generation of writers

authentic rebellion. With all this a critic so little to be suspected of intransigence or radicalism as R. P. Blackmur reproaches the writers who label themselves the elite of the forties.

It has been said in defense of this isolation that young and old felt obliged to assume this attitude in order to save their liberty from the literary traps set by one or another group or party. For, as Allen Tate in the North and Guillermo de Torre in the South simultaneously and coincidentally proclaimed, the poet has the great responsibility of being faithful to poetry, maintaining a serene equidistance between sectarianism and art for

art's sake. But sometimes this ideal brings on a noisy crisis, as when the Bollingen Prize was awarded to Ezra Pound for his *Pisan Cantos* (1948), a baroque mosaic of evocations and poetic memories wrought in Italy, in the U.S. concentration camp in which the poet's compatriots secluded him for his active adhesion to Italian fascism. This led, it will be recalled, to an impassioned polemic in which, as usually happens in such cases, the question of how far the award was justified was overlooked. With it the members of the writers' elite of two generations publicly recognized their debt to the poet who years earlier had written his epitaph in these verses:

These fought in any case,
and some believing,
pro domo in any case . . .
Some quick to arm,
some for adventure,
some from fear of weakness,
some from fear of censure,
some for love of slaughter, in imagination,
learning later . . .
some in fear, learning love of slaughter;

Died some, pro patria,
non "dulce" non "et decor" . . .
walked eye-deep in hell
believing in old men's lies, then unbelieving
came home, home to a lie,
home to many deceptions,
home to old lies and new infamy;
usury age-old and age-thick
and liars in public places.

Daring as never before, wastage as never before.
Young blood and high blood,
fair cheeks, and fine bodies;
fortitude as never before

frankness as never before,
disillusions as never told in the old days,
hysterias, trench confessions,
laughter out of dead bellies.
There died a myriad,
And of the best, among them,
For an old bitch gone in the teeth,
For a botched civilization,

Charm, smiling at the good mouth,
Quick eyes gone under earth's lid,

For two gross of broken statues,
For a few thousand battered books.

This is not the epitaph of a whole generation. But it is the epitaph of the group of writers of two successive generations who coincide in their negative attitude toward reality. They are those who, as R. P. Blackmur has written, call themselves the elite of contemporary writers, rejoice in cultivating all the negative aspects of reality, and make their private hysteria and anguish the center of the universe.

But there remain the others. There remain, in all the countries of the New World, writers who assume a militant and virile attitude in the face of crisis. Poets, novelists, essayists, dramatists, for whom tension is a spur and the people's suffering a constant stimulus to achieve a more equitable society. Writers who still have

faith in life and in man, and who tell us, as in these verses of Pablo Neruda:

*Recoged de las tierras el confuso
latido del dolor, las soledades,
el trigo de los suelos desgranados:
algo germina bajo las banderas:
la voz antigua nos llama de nuevo.
Bajad a las raíces minerales,
y a las alturas del metal desierto,
tocad la lucha del hombre en la tierra,
a través del martirio que maltrata
las manos destinadas a la luz.*

*No renunciéis al día que os entregan
los muertos que lucharon. Cada espiga
nace de un grano entregado a la tierra,
y como el trigo, el pueblo innumerable
junta raíces, acumula espigas,
y en la tormenta desencadenada
sube a la claridad del universo.*

Pluck from the fields the confused
throb of pain, the solitudes,
the wheat of the flailed ground:
something is stirring under the flags:
The ancient voice calls us anew.
Go down to the mineral roots,
and to where the metal stands alone,
feel the struggle of man on earth,
through the martyrdom that abuses
the hands destined for light.

Don't renounce the day given you
by the dead who fought. Each spike of grain
grows from a seed given to the earth,
and, like wheat, the numberless people
join roots, accumulate spikes,
and in unleashed tempest
rise to the brightness of the universe.

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KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 29



1. Monument to José Miguel Gómez, the second president of a country that celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of its independence this year, stands on the Avenida de los Presidentes in the Vedado section of what Latin American city?

2. Like the rest of their countrymen, the inhabitants of this Central American city are called *ticos* because they frequently use the diminutive in speaking. Are they Salvadoreans, Guatemalans, Nicaraguans, or Costa Ricans?



3. The Patiño mines are the largest tin producers in the world. Are they located in Venezuela, Bolivia, Peru, or Guatemala?

4. Southern terminus of overland transportation to the lake district of Chile is Puerto Montt, Santiago, Punta Arenas, or Antofagasta?



5. Square in center of Mexico City is called Plaza Bolívar, the Prado, the Zócalo, or Plaza de la Independencia?

6. Well-known American peering over Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, from the Itamarati Palace is José de San Martín, George Washington, Ruy Barbosa, or José Bonifácio de Andrada e Silva?



7. Ready for export from Honduras are these bales of fiber to be used in rope making. Is the fiber cotton, wool, abacá, or kapok?

8. *Sortija*, in which gauchos tilt at a small ring, is popular pastime in Panama, the Dominican Republic, Paraguay, or Ecuador?



9. A line drawn due south from New York would come closest to the South American capital indicated on map. Is it Lima, Quito, Bogotá, or Caracas?

10. Greatest population density (290 people per square mile) of any American republic is found in El Salvador, Haiti, Barbados, or Brazil?



LETTER FROM KEY WEST

(Continued from page 31)

restrictions on local enthusiasm for the Cuban lottery, which until recently flourished here almost as openly as in Havana. Key Westers followed the results on their radios. Drive-ins and soda fountains are substituting the hamburger and french fries for *arroz con pollo* and *enchiladas*; the milkshake and hot dog for the long-time favorite "grunts [a kind of fish], grits, and gravy." What is typical commands higher prices. Lime pie, for example, a Key West specialty, is available only for twenty-five cents extra on most dinner menus. About all that is left of unmistakable Cuban atmosphere is the San Carlos Institute, a fine specimen of Spanish colonial architecture owned by the Cuban Government, whose consulate occupies the ground floor together with a movie house. On the second floor, Monroe County, in cooperation with the Cuban Government, maintains a school for the teaching of Spanish and English, open to interested persons of all ages. Of the Conchs there remain but a few, indistinguishable from anyone else except for the habit of speaking with long o's, dropping and adding h's, and substituting *w* for *v*, an old Bahamian practice.

The result is that one day soon Key West will have to make a choice. It will have to either set a limit to how far it will go in this new direction or abandon all pretense to exotic charm. The Chamber of Commerce insists that the matter is one of progress, from which there is no turning back. The extreme reactionaries, on the other hand, would probably like to blow up every bridge between here and the mainland. There is little reason why the original atmosphere could not be preserved by well-managed city planning and building regulations. To date, however, there is no organized movement toward that end. At the same time, it is true that prosperity has brought everyone on the island an opportunity to make a living, something that critics should keep in mind. But the situation is a vicious circle. Too much commercialism is destroying the attractions that lure the visitor here. The goose laying the golden egg seems well on the way to the block.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

POTENTIAL SULFUR?

Dear Sirs:

You may be interested to know that the editors of *Chemical and Engineering News* took note of the article on "Vulcan's Land" in your March issue, suggesting that those interested in alleviating the current sulfur shortage investigate the Central American volcanoes. "Such a huge sulfur potential," they wrote, "stirs the imagination. We hate to see it going to waste. The fumaroles of Italy have been harnessed for power; why not harness the fumaroles of Central America for sulfur? Perhaps some day sulfuric acid will join coffee as one of Nicaragua's principal export commodities."

Lloyd Wartman

Fanwood, New Jersey

IN SEARCH OF UTOPIA

Dear Sirs:

I very much enjoyed reading about the Hutterite community in the article entitled "Utopia in Paraguay" in the March issue. Can you tell me where I can get additional information about them?

Vito Tursi

New York, N.Y.

The Society of Brothers, 6100 Ardleigh Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, can give interested readers further details.

ANY TRUMPS?

Dear Sirs:

As a collector of foreign and early American playing cards, I am interested in any information relating to them. Will you please publish this letter, together with my address, in case any of your readers can help me secure cards or related material?

Lily M. Brough

Evanston Hotel

Forest at Main St.

Evanston, Ill.

VEGETABLE IVORY

Dear Sirs:

In the March 1950 English edition of *AMERICAS*, the last quiz question shows the stages in making buttons from Ecuadorean tagua nuts (nicknamed "vegetable ivory"), which are also used for miniature carving. In my volunteer work with veterans at one of the local VA Hospitals I have become acquainted with a permanently disabled veteran who carves in miniature out of peach pits, etc., and he is interested in trying his skill on some tagua nuts. I would appreciate it if you could put me in touch with someone from whom I could secure a few for this patient.

H. G. Culleton

Oak Park, Ill.

AMERICAS is now trying to fill this request. Meanwhile, we would welcome photos of their work from any readers who may have tried carving taguas.

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked *AMERICAS* to publish their names and addresses:

Mr. F. C. Gabriel
1405 Sturm Avenue
Indianapolis 1, Indiana
David John Saari
523 South 5th St.
Mankato, Minnesota

João Maria Valentim
Caixa Postal 519
Ponta Grossa, Paraná, Brazil
José Antunes
Avenida Dr. Afonso Vergueiro, 68
Sorocaba, São Paulo, Brazil

Opposite: Colonial arches of Catholic Seminary of San Carlos and San Ambrosio, Havana. Photograph by Julio López Berestein from current show at Pan American Union





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EXPLORACION ECONOMICO CULTURAL EN LA REGION ONCOCERCOSA DE CHIAPAS, MEXICO, by Manuel Gamio. 1946. 46 p. and 3 maps. U. S. \$0.25.

THE HEALTH AND CUSTOMS OF THE MISKITO INDIANS OF NORTHERN NICARAGUA: INTERRELATIONSHIPS IN A MEDICAL PROGRAM, by Michel Pijoan. 1946. 54 p. U. S. \$0.25.

INDIOS DO BRASIL, by Amílcar A. Botelho de Magalhães. 1947. 96 p. U. S. \$0.50.

LA PIEDRA MAGICA. VIDA Y COSTUMBRES DE LOS INDIOS CALLAHUAYAS DE BOLIVIA, by Gustavo Adolfo Otero. A study of the folklore of this ethnographic group of the Altiplano. XX + 292 p. + illustrations. 1951. U. S. \$2.00.

LEGISLACION INDIGENISTA DE COLOMBIA. Critical introduction and compilation by Antonio García. 1952. 88 p. U. S. \$0.50.

PERSONALITY AND GOVERNMENT. FINDINGS AND RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE INDIAN ADMINISTRATION RESEARCH, by Laura Thompson. Preface by John Collier. 1951. XVIII + 230 p. U. S. \$2.00.

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